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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
AMERICAN POINTS OF VIEW (Frances Perkins)	967	RADIO NEWS-REEL	987
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:		RELIGION:	
The <i>Flying Scotsman</i> Makes History (Cecil J. Allen) ..	969	Morality Old and New—The Modern Revolt (Rev. Hugh Martin)	994
Economic Factors that May Make for War (Sir Josiah Stamp)	973	MICROPHONE MISCELLANY:	
The French 'Ottawa' Conference (Percy Philip) ..	975	Animal Allies—Cameos and Contexts—Science and the Christian—Lord Buckmaster—Curing Disease through Research—Party Fusion in South Africa ..	995
Poverty in Plenty—Planned Socialisation and World Trade (Sir Arthur Salter)	978	POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
Freedom and Authority in the Modern World—Is the State's Claim Absolute? (C. R. M. F. Cruttwell) ..	991	The Five-day Week—The Indian Rope Trick—Causes of War—For and Against Modern Architecture—Social Credit—Our Confusing Economists— <i>Spanish Raggle-Taggle</i> —Care of the Mentally Unfit ..	993
THE LISTENER:		SHORT STORY:	
Keeping Well	976	The Hedge (H. E. Bates)	1001
Week by Week	976	POEM:	
ART:		Good-bye to the Island (William Plomer)	1002
Max Liebermann (Herbert Read)	980	BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
SCIENCE:		Documents of the Twentieth Century (G. K. Chesterton)	1003
Astronomy Without a Telescope (R. L. Waterfield) ..	982	Mr. Dunne's Serial Universe (M. H. A. Newman) ..	1004
ENTERTAINMENT:		The Listener's Book Chronicle	1005
Pantomimes <i>v.</i> Films (Mack Sennett and Julian Wylie)	984	French Literature of Today (Denis Saurat)	1008
The Public and the Censor (Alistair Cooke) ..	992	SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES	x
MUSIC:		THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD	xiii
Shakespeare, Opera and Some Theories (Francis Toye)	986		

American Points of View

Towards National Social Insurance

By FRANCES PERKINS

Miss Perkins, a well-known sociologist, is Secretary of Labour in the American Cabinet

IT is an honour and a pleasure to have this opportunity to speak to the British public, and, as Secretary of Labour in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt, to convey the good wishes of the wage-earners of the United States to their fellow workers and to our friends across the Atlantic.

Here in America we have had many of the same problems with which the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Continental Europe have had to grapple. We still have many obstacles to overcome before we can claim full recovery from the devastating effects of the depression which left so much misery and so many broken hopes on both sides of the Atlantic. But here our employment and pay-rolls have been increasing steadily under President Roosevelt's planned recovery programme, and we believe that these measures will continue to show steady slow increasing gains.

N.R.A. Achievements

The National Industrial Recovery Act, the objective of which was to increase purchasing power by shortening the working hours and so making opportunity for more people to have jobs, and fixing a living subsistence wage as a minimum so that unemployment might be reduced and relieved and the purchasing power increased for all the wage-earners, has been in operation now for about a

year-and-a-half, and it has brought substantial benefits. Since this programme was initiated under General Johnson, and since other recovery measures have been under way, employment and pay-rolls have gone up. Statistics of the United States Department of Labour indicate that, for every thousand workers who were employed in the consumers' goods industries in 1923-1925, there were only 750 such workers employed at the low point of the depression in March, 1933; while in the durable or producers' goods industries, only 440 people out of the thousand workers employed in 1923-1925 were at work in March, 1933. But by last month, October, 1934, this figure had changed, and now 950 out of every thousand people who were formerly employed are re-employed in the consumers' goods industries, and 633 out of every thousand formerly employed are re-employed in the durable or producers' goods industries. Moreover, there has been a steady increase in the total amount of weekly pay-rolls in manufacturing industries alone. It has risen from 75½ million per week in March, 1933, to 123½ million weekly pay-roll last month, that is October, 1934. This is concrete evidence of improvement in general conditions. We had reached a point in this country where millions of men and women, able and willing to work, could find no opportunity, and where want and despair and misery haunted many homes, and we do not want to

make ourselves believe that there are not still many of our people out of work. But the number has been substantially reduced, and, thanks to President Roosevelt's combined programme of relief and industrial recovery with jobs, there is a consistently better chance for the individual to find a way to a comfortable life. This brighter picture here in the United States has been made possible largely because of the various steps in the recovery programme which have been planned with the definite objective of serving the greatest good for the greatest number in the spirit of justice to all. Minor checks may come here and there, as we move along a broad front in attacking the problems which have been so harassing in recent years. But our people have courage, and we are united at last in the effort to overcome by deliberate economic measures, used with courage and control and under the disciplines of democracy, the forces which have brought so much misery to many of our people.

End of Sweat-Shop Practices

The National Industrial Recovery Plan was suggested in essence by thousands of Americans, and it is essentially a democratic plan. Business men, industrialists, engineers, economists, working men and women, country people, city people, all wrote to the President in the first few months of his administration suggesting methods of operation not unlike those which are now embodied in the law which is known as the N.R.A. The purpose of all of these suggestions, and of the plan which was finally adopted, was to increase the buying power of wage-earners so that industry, labour, farmers, and the general public might benefit by virtue of having a steady internal market for farm products and factory goods. For the purchasing power of both wage-earners and farmers had shrunk so during the depression that our great possible internal market was almost non-existent. The plan provides representation on various boards to employers, wage-earners, farmers, and consumers in particular as representing the general public, so that each of these different groups has protection for its own needs and necessities and is integrated with the interests of the Government, which, of course, alone has the interests of all the people as its main responsibility. Child labour, which had never been completely blotted out in American industry, is banned under the codes of our industries which have been adopted under N.R.A., and these codes also have meant the end of sweat-shop practices, as such practices are now classified as unfair means of competition, and are by agreement in the codes ruled out.

When it became generally known by Americans that children, and in some instances men with families dependent upon them, were working for as little as 50 to 80 cents a day (3s. to 4s., that means) industry and the general public realised that this was business suicide, and that competition based on cutting wages had to stop, or there would be no market in this country for our great mass production industries; and it is upon these mass production industries that not only our investment and business people, but also our wage-earners, depend for their principal opportunities for profitable employment.

The planned recovery programme also consists of the public works administration and the agricultural adjustment administration, which are working with other progressive measures designed to bring about a sane, balanced, and what we in the United States hope may prove a permanent, recovery from our economic ills. The agricultural adjustment programme is aimed primarily at restoring parity of purchasing power to the farmer, so that he may purchase, as the result of the sale of his farm products, a sufficient amount of the manufactured goods which are made by the industrialists and the wage-earners of the country to balance what he has to sell.

The flow of our economic life depends upon purchasing power sufficient to make for higher standards of living.

We, here, believe that we must bring American economic life to that point of balance where the consuming power of wage-earners and farmers will be constantly comparable to the great productive capacity of the factories, the farms and the industries in our extraordinarily effective utilisation of machinery and the soil for mass production. With public works acting as a primer for the National Recovery administration, and for the agricultural adjustment administration, a balance is provided in this planned recovery programme which is gradually effecting re-adjustment and recovery. American farmers, wage-earners, consumers, and investors, business and industry are in a position to benefit shortly in the process. With wage-earners, employers and investors co-operating for their mutual benefit, we in this country believe we can and will conquer the forces of economic havoc, and emerge as a more united people with greater understanding of, and sympathy with, the problems which confront the different groups in this country. And all of this is done, and will continue to be done, with the most stable and continuing belief in the efficacy of the democratic forms of government to which we are committed.

Good Wages and Steady Profits

As profits increase, American employers are bound to recognise that workers must receive increased wages and have shorter hours of work in fair proportion to the increase in earnings, so that a balance may be maintained between purchasing power of our great groups, and productive power of our industries, now so obviously necessary to maintain the internal market. It is generally recognised here in the States that every employer and company is expected to make a profit. The savings of many people in this country are invested in our industries, and they are entitled, of course, to expect the maintenance of their profits, and therefore on the basis of that maintenance of profits to maintain the continuity of their purchasing power, which is again another large part of the internal market of American life. It is also recognised that wage workers are entitled to fair wages based upon the ability of employers to make fair profits. Purchasing power, which is the life-blood of trade and industry, is increased and maintained through the employment of more men and women at wages which put them in the class of steady purchasers. Profits will be maintained by keeping this market for goods open—the wage-earner market.

The close relation between good wages and steady profits is becoming very clear to us in our American economy; but while recovery measures in the United States continue to gain momentum, plans are now being made to prepare a programme designed to afford protection to the individual in the major hazards likely to involve him in distress and dependency. With this end in view, the Economic Security Committee named by President Roosevelt is studying social insurance and other provisions which will further the security of American citizens and their families. Social insurance is not entirely unknown in the United States, although by no means so commonly practised as in England and in Continental Europe. Forty-four of our States now have workmen's compensation laws, which afford at least limited protection in cases of industrial accidents, and in some instances in cases of occupational disease. Forty-six of our States have mothers' pension laws, which directly benefit in the neighbourhood of a hundred thousand families, who are left without wage-earners, and with 250,000 dependent children. Twenty-eight States have old age pension laws, which, while based upon need and means rather than contractual rights, and in many cases operative only in a part of these States, have removed a considerable number of aged persons from the uncertainties of relief. The various forms of social insurance, including, of course, unemployment insurance, are being studied and analysed

(Continued on page 1000)



The engine which broke the British railway speed record

L.N.E.R.

The 'Flying Scotsman' Makes History

By CECIL J. ALLEN

Broadcast on November 30

RAILWAY history has been made today. By train the City of Leeds has been brought within just over 2½ hours of London by the London and North Eastern Railway. The running abroad and in America, at very high speeds, of rail-cars propelled by Diesel engines, or Diesel-electric mechanism, has attracted a good deal of attention to this type of train. In particular, the *Flying Hamburger* in Germany, which daily runs from Berlin to Hamburg at a scheduled speed of 77½ miles per hour, has been held up as an example of what might be done in this country.

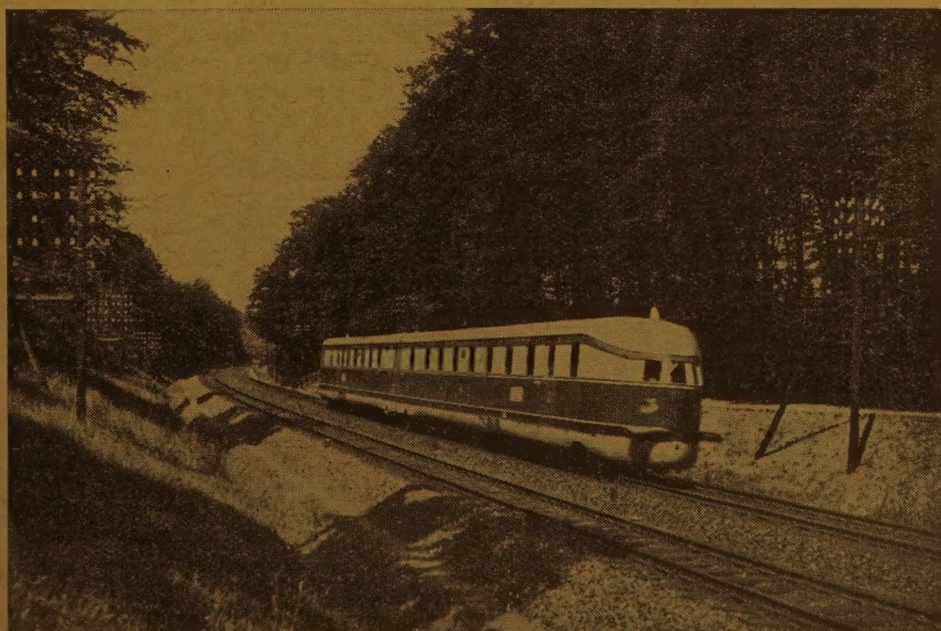
Today *Flying Hamburger* speeds were nearly equalled by a British steam train over a comparable distance, but with a considerably heavier load and over a track which has inclines and speed restrictions that the *Hamburger* never has to face. No exceptional preparation was made, except to ensure that the train should have a perfectly clear road in both directions. An engine was taken out of ordinary service—an eleven-year-old, in fact, the famous 'Pacific' type locomotive, *Flying Scotsman*—and a feather-weight load of four coaches, weighing 145 tons, made up the train.

It was at eight minutes past nine this morning that we slipped out of King's Cross. At well over sixty miles an hour, we climbed the long incline to Potter's Bar,

and, before Hatfield, we had touched eighty. Before Hitchin we were doing ninety, and near Three Counties the maximum down journey speed of 94.7 miles per hour was reached. Twenty-four miles at this stage were reeled off at an average of 90 miles an hour. Half-a-minute over the first hour saw us through Peterborough, where we slowed severely for the curve through the station. Then followed what was, to me at any rate, one of the most amazing experiences of the day. From Peterborough there is a steady ascent gradually steepening to Stoke Summit; it finished with three miles at 1 in 178 up. The final ten miles of this climb were run at an average speed of 82½ miles per hour, and we went over the top at 81. Nothing of the kind has ever been done, or even approached, before in Great Britain.

Two hours out of King's Cross saw us past the 153¼ mile-post—77 miles an hour for the whole distance from the start to this point. Then came another bad slowing

over the junction at Doncaster, and after that the heavy grades, and many slacks for curves, through the West Riding. For all that we came to a dead stand in Leeds Central Station 151 minutes 56 seconds after leaving London. The distance is 185¼ miles, so that the average speed from start to stop, including all speed restrictions on the journey, works out at 73½ miles

The *Flying Hamburger* passing through the forest near Friedrichsruh on its daily run

German Railways



Topical Press

an hour. Out of this total we had covered no fewer than 155 miles at an average of 80 an hour.

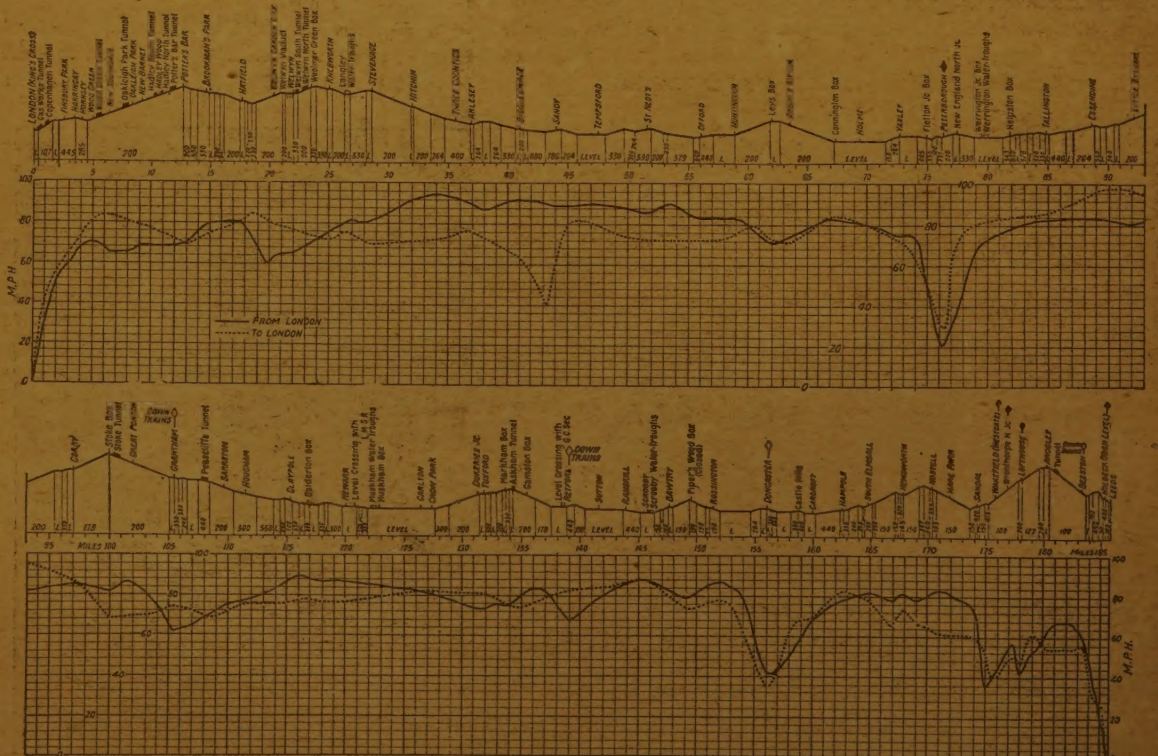
Our hard-worked engine was now allowed a couple of hours in which to rest. We had gained thirteen minutes on our provisional timing from London to Leeds, so it was decided to add a couple more coaches to the train, making six in all, and a total weight behind the tender of 205 tons. Punctual to the minute, at 2 o'clock, we left for London. We could not get really going until we were well clear of the West Riding mining area, but as we passed the home of the Pilgrim Fathers at Scrooby, we were up again to 88 miles an hour. Now began yet another long stretch—75 miles of it in all, and

75 miles consecutively—which were covered with our heavier train at an average of precisely 80 miles an hour. It was the third time in the day that we had covered a 70-mile stretch at this tremendous speed.

After we had breasted Stoke Summit there came the finest 'racing ground' of the journey, and the most exciting quarter-of-an-hour in the whole day. Should we reach, down this tempting gradient, the coveted three figures in speed? Ten seconds for the quarter mile, 9.8, 9.6, 9.4—the station of Little Bytham flew by—9.3, 9.25, 9.2—not quite! My timing thus gave 98 miles an hour, just before Essendine, as the limit attained. The dynamometer car record, on examination at the end of the run, did show 100 miles an hour for 600 yards, so in any event it was a very near thing. And even 98, so far as we can trace, is the highest fully authenticated maximum speed ever yet reached in this country by a steam locomotive hauling a train.

We slowed through Peterborough, and then again near Sandy for track under repair. That cost us a couple of precious minutes. But, to cut a long story short, after a final dash at 85 miles an hour through New Southgate, the clock on No. 1 platform at King's Cross was pointing to 4.37 as we drew finally to rest: 73.4 miles an hour down and 70.9 up—a fair day's work for one locomotive over a total course of over 370 miles, as I think you will agree. And a total of fully 250 miles of these astounding journeys had been covered at an average running speed of 80 miles an hour. It is doubtful if steam has ever

previously done anything to touch it over so great a distance in any part of the world; certainly it has never been equalled previously in Great Britain.

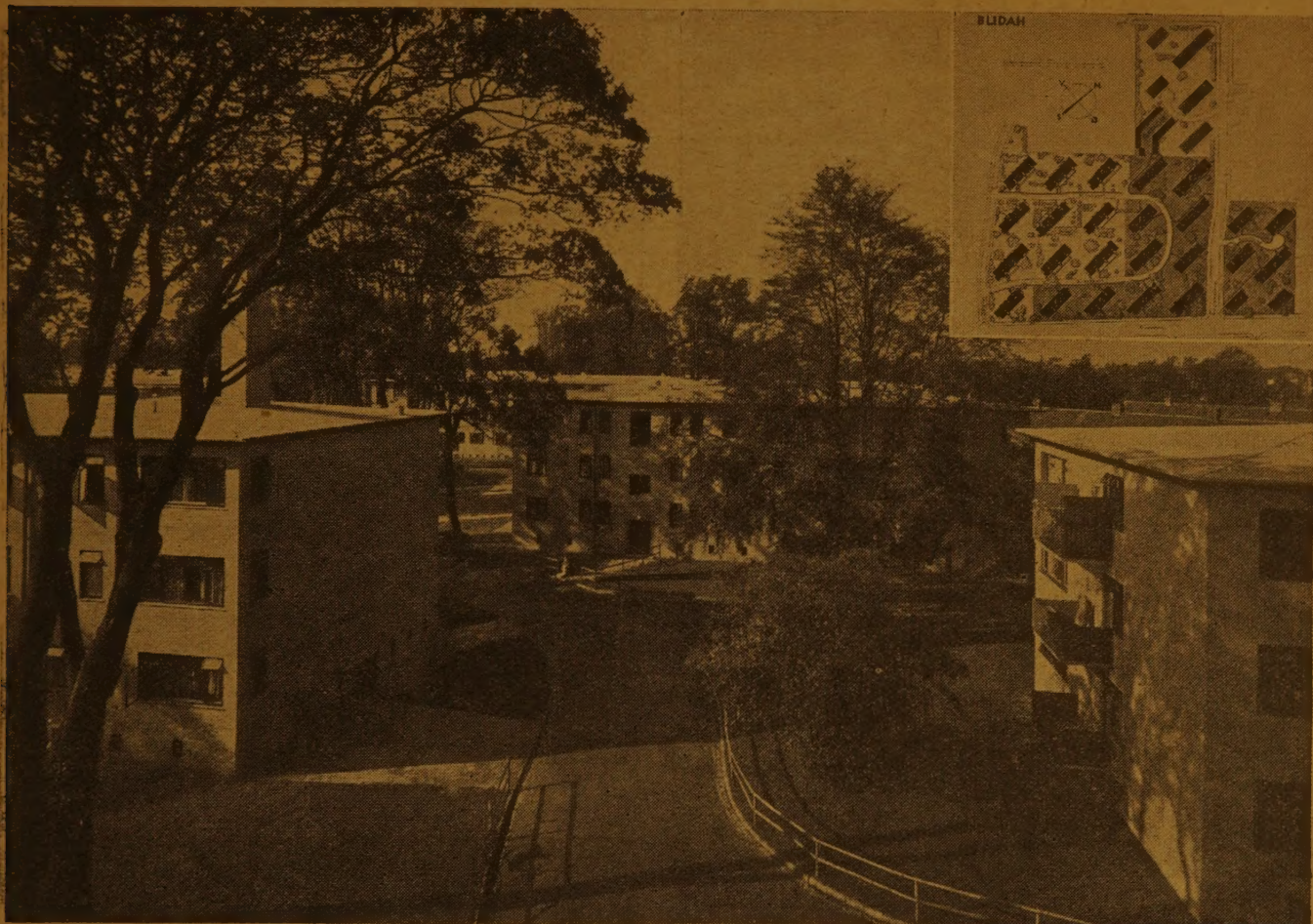


Gradient profile of the L.N.E.R. main line from King's Cross to Leeds, showing speeds attained on the run described in the accompanying text

By courtesy of the 'Railway Gazette'

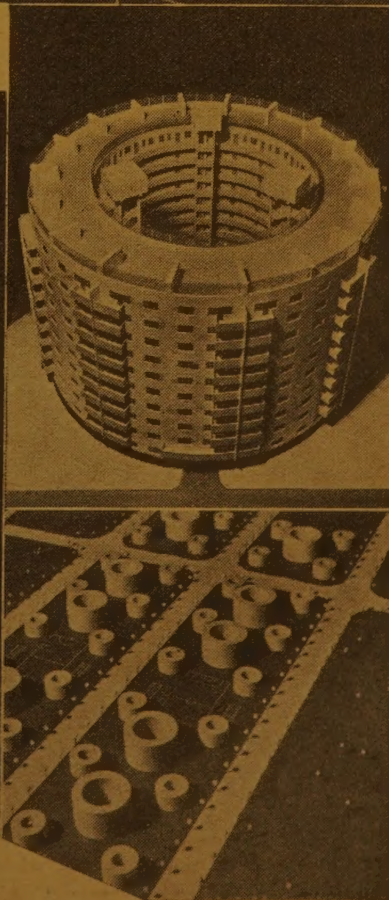
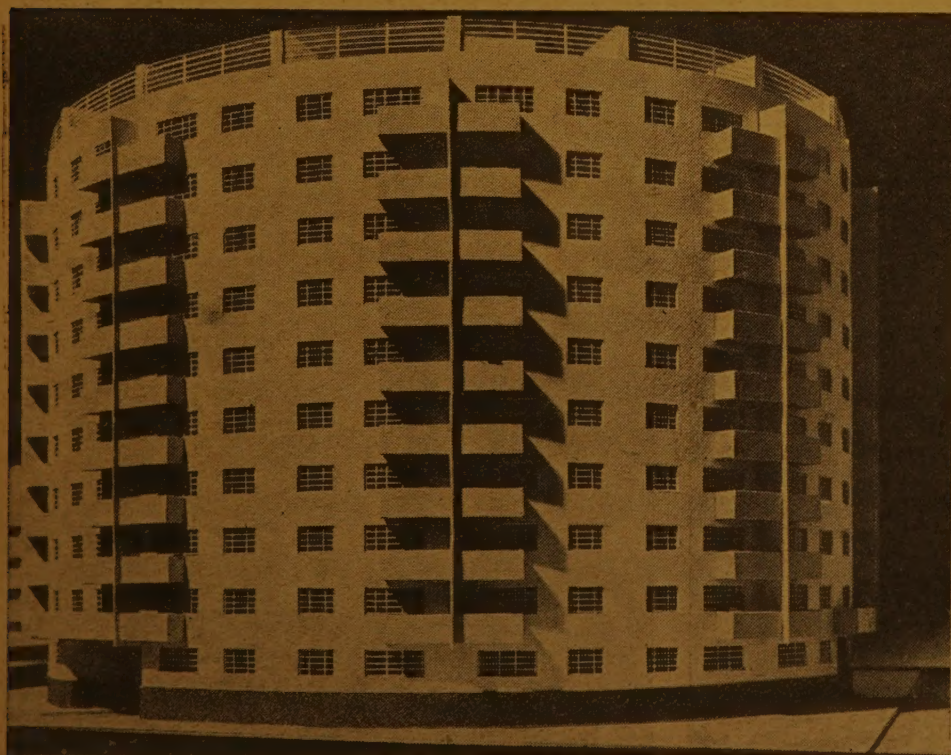
International Architecture 1924-1934

Photographs from the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Institute of British Architects, now on view at their new headquarters at 66 Portland Place, W.1. Editorial comment on page 976



Housing scheme at the Blidahpark, Copenhagen

Architects: Bentzen, Berg, Bjorn, Heiberg, Larsen, and Skjot-Pedersen



Models for multi-storey circular flats in reinforced concrete

Architect: James H. Wallace. Structural Conception by Douglas H. Green
Engineers: Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Ltd.

Illustrations by courtesy of the R.I.B.A.



Children's Ward, Kent and Sussex Hospital, Tunbridge Wells
Architect: Cecil Burns. Photograph by courtesy of 'Architecture Illustrated'



Filling Station, Yokohama
Architect: Antonin Raymond



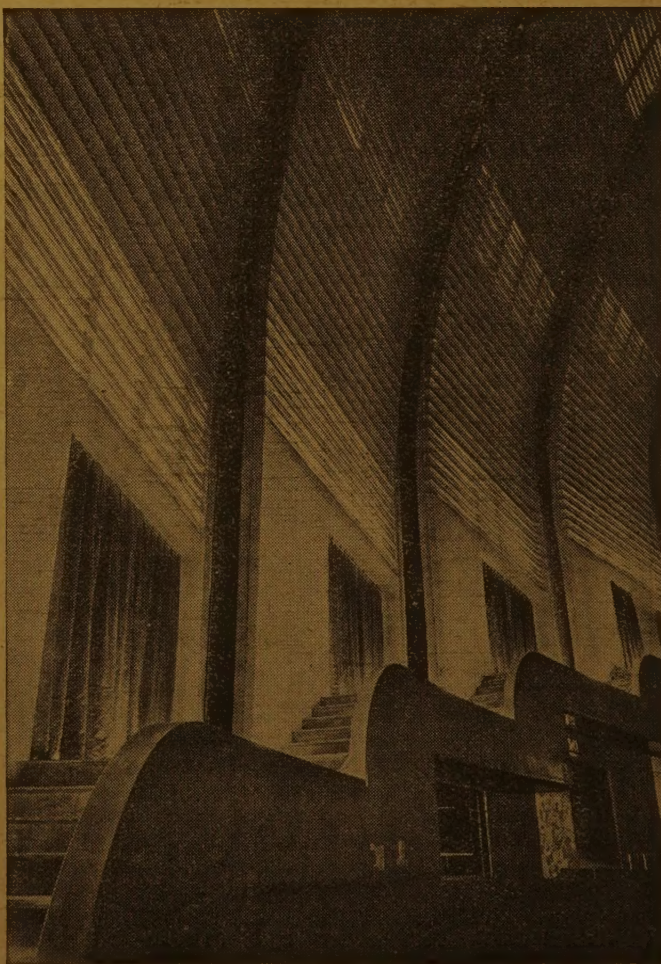
Communal School of Three Classes, Combres, France
Architects: Chollet et Mathou



Workers' Club, Leningrad



Market at Frankfurt
Architect: Professor Elsaesser. Photograph: F. R. Yerbury
Illustrations by courtesy of the R.I.B.A.



Radio City Music Hall, Rockefeller Center, New York
Raymond Hood and Associated Architects

Causes of War

Economic Factors That May Make for War

By SIR JOSIAH STAMP

I HAVE been asked to deal primarily with the economic causes of war. Such isolation of certain aspects for special study, though artificial, has a real value so long as we remember what we are doing. I do not belong to that school which accounts, by what is called the economic interpretation of history, for all that has happened by desire for economic gain or defence of economic interests. But in all that inter-related collection of conditions preceding any great event, there is always an economic factor or condition. It generally depends upon our definition whether it can really be called a 'cause', even though we are able to say the event would not have happened if the factor had not been present. The ambiguity in the term 'cause' is shown, for example, by the common statements about the Boer War. It was said that the real cause was geological, because if gold deposits had not existed in the Transvaal, there would have been no incursion of science, capital and labour from outside. This influx was an economic move. Geology could never have caused the war, for the war was man-made; then economics arising from geology must have caused it. But the ordinary economic working of mines is not, as such, a cause of war. It was the fact that the new population had no political rights; the old burghers were afraid of losing the ultimate control; Kruger, hating political suzerainty, feared still more the force of new numbers and wealth. The so-called cause then becomes political and racial. As Mr. Money Kyrle said, on the analogy of medicine, there are precipitating causes, and predisposing or constitutional causes. If we do not take care we may elevate economic conditions into altogether too prominent a place as necessary causes of war, and I refuse to give that title to any condition which can easily exist without giving rise to trouble. Dry brushwood is not the cause of a fire—but we have to be careful about it, and much the same may be said about economic inequalities and jealousies.

In the Armaments debate in the Commons the other day, the Foreign Secretary, referring to the Bolivia-Chaco War, said: 'It appears to be the opinion of some Hon. Gentlemen that *a priori* every war in the world begins out of some economic cause. I am not claiming to know about every war, but there has never, within my knowledge, been a war in which economic causes have played a smaller part'. After referring to the fact that the Chaco boundary had never been defined, and had been in dispute for 50 years, he said, 'It is quite true that one of the elements, no doubt, is that Bolivia would like to have a port on the great river that runs through'. Hon. Members exclaimed: 'That is economic'.

War for Loot and Booty

Examination of the causes of war in history is of very limited value to us. We dismiss the religious, dynastic and military ambition causes. The economic cause as pure loot or booty is also, for the larger part of the world, quite obsolete. It may exist as a hidden auxiliary motive, but is not avowed or primary. After recent experience, no great nation would be foolish enough to believe that it can beat another great nation, and, after paying its own cash expenses, make a cash profit by an indemnity which would compensate also the losses of life and limb. It would not be a justifiable business risk. No democracy would consciously set out to beat another along those lines. War indemnities, even if they appear to be adequate in amount, and are willingly offered, are collectable only at prohibitive cost to industry. That game is clearly not worth the candle. But we cannot dismiss the loot and booty cause altogether. There are two possibilities, (1) that in the course of time, with a new generation, the lesson may be forgotten, (2) that it might actually pay a large nation to bully and beat a small one, by a dramatic military stroke, into submission. The forgetfulness is not true yet, and we can afford to dismiss it as a danger today. The second is made more difficult by the moral sense of the world marshalled and expressed in the League, even without military sanctions. The case for the bully must not be as thin as mere loot. Even if by loot we include annexation of territory, this also is of

doubtful gain, for only personal occupation, dispossessing the present inhabitants, can transfer much wealth to the victor. When slavery was not universally condemned, it had great importance. No, even a review of the economic causes of war in past history does not help very much—so many are now almost obsolete. The justification of our Chinese wars a century ago was no doubt good enough by the standards of the time, but they would hardly stand the severer tests of today. The partition of Africa and the spheres of influence in China, only forty years ago, constantly provoked issues for which war, as the possible solution or remedy, was talked about calmly and freely. The partition is complete, the spheres of influence no longer so greatly trouble us.

What then are the conditions today which may provoke war? I will list three: (1) Economic penetration; (2) economic inequality; (3) differential population.

Consequences of Economic Penetration

The brains and capital of a developed country enter a country less advanced, mining or railway concessions are willingly granted, and the economic development is profitable to both sides. But in course of time the conjunction of two peoples with different political ideas provokes animosity, as in the Transvaal, and the immigrants look to their motherland for help in their persecution, or the developing country regrets its bargain and thinks the substance of the country's wealth is going to the foreigner. We have only to think how Palmerston would have handled the recent Anglo-Persian oil dispute, and how it was actually settled, to realise the rapid development of international methods. The Japanese and Chinese relations over the Manchurian problem are the outstanding example of the consequences of economic penetration. The mere subscription of private capital on a large scale, might once, on a wanton default, have called the big guns into action. Probably the defaulting States of America, if accessible by sea, would have been visited by a ship or two, but for the fact that the Federation of States protected its parts from any kind of outside suasion while conveniently not taking any responsibility for the enormity of their actions.

In general, the risks of war through economic penetration are greatest when there is a considerable alien population, for it is some harsh treatment of these exiles, rather than the mercenary interest, which would today serve as the immediate pretext for war, on the ground of national honour. Indeed, where economic penetration has taken place honourably, it is the defence of national interests from insult on grounds of national prestige, rather than on grounds of economic gain, that is the cause. On a simple economic profit-and-loss account, the cost of war might be far greater than the point to be gained, but national honour and prestige would dictate the action. A survey of the world indicates that these provocations should become steadily less, and there is none that cannot be better and more economically settled by the Hague or the League than by war. These must now be perfect solvents of questions of honour. An agreement between France and Germany concerning the payments to be made for the gold value of the Saar mines, should the territory decide to return to German nationality in January next, was described in a leading journal the other day as 'eliminating what might have been a very serious thorn in the flesh of European peace'.

Unequal Distribution of Natural Wealth

The second class are economic inequalities—first, those made naturally; second, those made politically. In the past the necessity for agricultural products has loomed large in the outlook of nations and determined their policy—they desired spheres of influence which meant supplies of food and raw materials. Sir Thomas Holland, when President of the British Association, showed the influence of these motives in our penetration of British India—how minerals have taken the first place in envy and jealousy, not so much because of great intrinsic values, but as the keys to many enormous values and scientific potentialities formerly unrealised. And it is no longer merely a question of large deposits, such as phosphoric

ores, as in Alsace-Lorraine, with the accompanying economic power resting upon the production of pig-iron—a power so important to Germany in 1914. It is the finer question of the rarer minerals. In 1888 manganese and other ferro alloys brought a host of rare metals out of the laboratory into the field of urgent human necessity—they became essential to the progress of an advanced nation in the Arts of Peace. It was not till 1914 that they had also fundamentally changed the requirements for war. The unexpected included the wolfram deposits of South Burma, and nickel. Germany had been using ores from the British Empire, the while we had been, if not ignorant, at any rate oblivious of their vital importance. The distribution of key minerals has no relation whatever to political boundaries or requirements—it is quite accidental—and to those who do not possess them, seems 'quite unfair'. If all nations had a share, they might be of little importance as provocation for war, or preventions of it. But the facts are that 90 per cent. of asbestos comes from the British Empire, 63 per cent. of chromite and over 90 per cent. of nickel from Canada. Sir Thomas Holland gave 94 per cent. potash from Germany and France, 70 per cent. petroleum from United States, 78 per cent. antimony from China and Bolivia, 50 per cent. copper from United States. The world depends upon the Empire for China clay, gold, mica, monazite, nickel and strontium. Of these, nickel is of dangerous importance in time of war. Between the British Empire and the United States an enormous proportion of the important minerals are shared. Yet even if they pooled their resources, there are still essential links missing. Experts tell us there will never be a synthetic metal. No artificial substance can ever give the qualities of mica—there can never be synthetic mica, with all its special and important qualities.

'A Mineral Sanction Against War'

There are two sides to this maldistribution problem. One side makes possibilities for war and the other for peace. Unqualified self-determination of the nations is in conflict with the distribution of essential metals and the desire for equal opportunity of development. A desire to hold on relentlessly to mineral resources within each area has been manifesting itself. This monopoly of essentials by a few seems inevitably to make for national enmity and strife. But the other side is that possession by a few—if they are the right few—may make what General Smuts calls 'a mineral sanction against war'. 'The only two nations that can fight for long on their own natural resources are the British Empire and the United States. If they are firm in refusing to export mineral products to those countries that infringe the Kellogg Pact, no war can last very long'. Proposals have been made in both countries for a rider to the Pact, giving each country the authority to prohibit the export of mineral products, iron ore, rubber, manganese, nickel, chromium, copper, tungsten, aluminium and mercury to any treaty-violating country. The proposals have perhaps been a little optimistic in treating the British Empire as the same *kind* of unit as the United States. It is only an economic unit so long as the British Fleet maintains its shipping connections, and its political unity of decision is subject to important qualifications of Dominion sovereignty. But the principle of economic sanctions is important and capable of great development. Meanwhile, the jealousy remains. Italy has been in the forefront in urging a proper distribution of the world's raw material according to national needs—even suggesting collaboration to develop unpopulated lands by labour from densely populated countries, and by international co-operation of an unprecedented kind, supplying a common need. But even this does not de-localise an essential mineral. The Secretary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers said recently in London that the possession of any kind of these minerals is a responsibility to the whole world—a country has 'no right to sit down on that supply'. The United States have often raised the general question. I could give scores of quotations on rubber and oil. A prominent General said, for example, 'The possibility is not remote of there being a new world tragedy over the petroleum dispute'. The author of *We Fight for Oil*, says, 'The danger cannot be removed by denying its existence. Peace cannot be

maintained by repeating the lie that war between Great Britain and the United States is impossible'. President Coolidge referred many times to it and re-emphasised his Government's policy of supporting private companies in the acquisition of foreign oil fields. He said 'It is even probable that the supremacy of nations may be determined by the possession of available petroleum and its products'. Some of us have lively recollection of President Hoover's attitude to us on the rubber monopoly question during the Geneva Naval Conference. Some economic inequality is unavoidable, but in time of peace it is bearable, partly mitigated by greater freedom of trade, partly relieved by equitable adjustment, through the League. It is only fear of being left without in time of war that makes this inequality itself a *cause* of war—a vicious circle. If the other causes of war go, this one automatically goes with them.

No One Economic Cause is Irremovable

My third head was population inequality, generally called the 'pressure of population upon the means of subsistence'. We are asked to picture a nation bursting its bounds into the adjoining lands. But the power of producing subsistence, and distributing by transport and exchange over the whole world is now almost embarrassingly great, and so one bogey goes. Again, all the industrial nations are within sight of their maximum population, and an actual decline will soon set in—so another bogey goes. The difficulty may remain in certain Eastern countries, but as a modern cause of war, over-population in the old sense is losing its importance.

Major Douglas' criticism of Bank of England policy last week was quite misconceived. The Bank can hardly reply in the same way, for it is the Government's banker and never publicly discusses its clients' affairs, and monetary policy is a Governmental affair. It discharges monetary functions laid down by the law of the land and does not enter into public controversy about them any more than a Government Department would. But I will say for myself that when Major Douglas suggests that war would be avoidable if bankers thought as he does, I emphatically disagree with him.

In so far as the desire of armament firms to make profits leads them to egg politicians on, by fear or rivalry, to larger armaments, and larger armaments lead to war, it may be said to be an economic cause. But it was explicitly dealt with, as his main theme, by Mr. Cole, and I will do no more than say that I agree with much that he said, but I do not believe any war has actually been brought about in this way—it has been only one of the assisting factors.

No one of the so-called economic causes of war is irremovable or irresistible, if the spirit of excessive nationalism is destroyed, and a reasonable internationalism for really international interests takes its place.

Many of the recent reprints, new and fine editions, have been made with a view to Christmas. An excellent present, for instance, is ready in A. G. Street's *Farmer's Glory*, now issued with wood-engravings by Gwendolen Raverat (Faber, 8s. 6d.) or *Victoria Regina* (Cape, 10s. 6d.)—the reprint, in one volume, with illustrations by Ernest Shepard, of Laurence Housman's thirty plays about Victoria, from 'Coming Events' (1837) to 'Happy and Glorious' (1897). Messrs. Peter Davies have issued two of their series of biographies in illustrated editions, at 8s. 6d. each—Eric Linklater's *Mary Queen of Scots* and Edith Olivier's *Mary Magdalen*. Among other illustrated editions are Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, with wood-engravings by John Farleigh (Collins, 5s.); Anthony Trollope's *Hunting Sketches* with sixty-nine drawings by Robert Ball (Hutchinson, 15s.); and Fielding's *Tom Jones*, with illustrations in colour and black-and-white by W. R. S. Stott (Hutchinson, two volumes, 15s. the set). Flaubert's short novel *November* appears for the first time in English, in very pleasant form, from the Bodley Head (price 10s. 6d.)—introduction by John Cowper Powys, translation by Frank Jelinek. The new edition of Dent's Master Musicians Series, edited by Eric Blom (price 4s. 6d. each) is continued with Annie W. Patterson's *Schumann*, S. Stephen Stratton's *Mendelssohn*, J. Cuthbert Hadden's *Chopin*, and E. Duncan's *Schubert*, all revised and brought up to date in the light of recent research and scholarship. Messrs. Macmillan have issued *Selected Poems of Sturge Moore* (price 5s.); and the Cambridge University Press a cheap edition of *The Poet's Year*, compiled by Ada Sharpley (price 3s. 6d.).

The French 'Ottawa' Conference

By PERCY PHILIP

Broadcast from Paris on December 3

FOLLOWING the example of the British Empire at Ottawa, France and her Colonies began today in Conference here to try to form themselves into a closer Economic Union, and to find some way of helping each other instead of being rivals. Perhaps before I go any further, I should say that in this effort there is no intention of trying to form a self-sufficing unit to the exclusion of everyone else. The present French Government realise that economic egoism of that sort is not always desirable or entirely possible.

What they are trying to do is to help themselves and their Colonies out of the rather dire distress into which they, like everybody else, have fallen in the past five years. You in England are rather apt to forget what a big Colonial Empire France has. When we look at the map the red of our own Empire blots out nearly everything else. But France comes next after ourselves, with some 4,300,000 square miles of overseas possessions, and it is the common boast over here that this Great France has a population of 100 million people.

At the opening ceremony today at the Colonial Museum at Vincennes, M. Louis Rollin, the Minister of Colonies, gave some illuminating figures showing the enormous development which has taken place since the War. In 1913, there were only ten thousand miles of good roads in the whole Empire: today there are forty thousand, and those who have visited Algeria and Morocco know how excellent these roads are, despite the occasional inconvenience of a bullock cart, or a flock of goats taking a rest in the middle. In Indo-China four million acres of new ground have been opened to cultivation by irrigation. There are now thousands of schools, hundreds of hospitals, and many thousands of miles of railway tracks have been laid. All this effort and progress should have produced a better world to live in, but in that contrary way in which things happen, despite many kinds of ingenuity, France and her Colonies have gone like the rest of the world, and grown up fast in this last twenty years—in fact they have grown out of their clothes. Ever since the credit coat that Wall Street was wearing burst at the seams in 1929, there has been a steady decline in that prosperity which was expected to follow so much expansion. France herself, with a good store of accumulated wealth, has stood the strain better than most. Her Colonies, being younger and poorer, are feeling it rather badly.

That is why this Conference is being held. It is an effort at mutual help in a world which has become addicted to blaming the other fellow. There is every possible reason why France should begin this way. In the first place her Colonies are her best customers. Last year she sent to them over 33 per cent. of her total exports. Algeria alone buys more from France than any other single country. Tunisia takes fifth rank, and Morocco seventh.

There is also another side to the problem, and a very ticklish one. Algeria and Morocco have become great wine- and wheat-producing countries, and there has grown up a very strong rivalry between the French farmer and the Colonial wine- and wheat-grower. Here, as in the United States, one is faced with the problem of the too productive earth, and too productive machinery. It makes the Malthusians look rather silly, and although individualistic France is no lover of controlled income, it has led to the suggestion that something must be done to limit production to those places where it is profitable. It does seem silly for a small farmer to try to grow wheat on the slopes of the Alps at tremendous labour and cost, when it can be done so cheaply in Central France or North Africa. That appears to be the line along which this Conference is going to go. M. Le Brun quoted Virgil's Georgics to prove that the basis of successful farming is fitting your crops to your soil and your climate.

The second rule he set down as useful for the governing of the debate was that before anybody thought about exporting, he should see to it that his own people had enough to eat. Another wise observation in this cheap world was that quality should be given as much attention as quantity. As one of the world's consumers, I appreciate that last point very much. But, of course, the final issue in this Conference is how the

Metropolitan producer is to be protected against the Colonial producer, and the other way round, and how both should be protected against the foreigner. At that kind of manipulating, the French have great experience. They can shave matters to a very fine point.

Just recently, I had a little personal experience. In an optimistic moment, I ordered a case of whiskey to be sent from Scotland. I forgot how much time I would have to spend over getting it through the Customs: one has to be an expert to do that sort of thing. But after an hour or so of argument and exchange of courtesies, I thought everything was clear. I had paid duty on the whiskey under three separate headings. 'I suppose I can go', I said. 'But no', said my Customs man; 'the glass of the bottles is dutiable'. And he had to calculate how much I owed on that.

One can be sure that something very complicated will be worked out in the end to regulate the relations of France and her overseas possessions, probably to the mutual satisfaction of both. But at the same time, I think it is worth while noting in England that with the advent of M. Flandin to the authority of Premiership, there is likely to be some departure from the old rigidity in French commercial relations. The arrangements that will be made will not exclude foreign trade, if foreigners in their turn will not exclude the French Colonial Products. In his first speech in the Chamber, when he took office, the Premier said that the only sure way of curing the world of the present commercial crisis was to lower progressively the innumerable barriers which have been built up, and to give trade greater freedom wherever reciprocity could be obtained. It is in that spirit, to get better reciprocity between the Colonies and the Mother Country, that this Conference is being held, and also perhaps to help bind North Africa closer to France at a moment when covetous eyes are being turned in that direction from across the Mediterranean.

Forthcoming Music

CARL FLESCH (violinist) will be the soloist at tonight's Symphony Concert in the Queen's Hall, and with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra will play Brahms' Concerto in D, Op. 77. The Orchestra, which will be conducted by Adrian Boult, will give Haydn's Symphony No. 98, in B flat, and Beethoven's 'Eroica' Symphony (No. 3, in E flat).

The recitalist for the fifth of the present series of B.B.C. Organ Recitals will be Berkeley Mason, who in the National Programme on Thursday, December 13, at 10.30 p.m., will give a programme of music by William Felton (Concerto in E flat) and Louis Vierne (Symphony No. 2).

London Regional on Thursday evening, December 13, will relay the Hallé Concert from the Manchester Free Trade Hall. The Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, will play Brahms' Variations on a Theme of Haydn, Op. 56a, and Mozart's Symphony No. 40, in G minor; and, in the second part of the programme, the Symphonic Suite, 'Scheherazade', by Rimsky-Korsakov.

A Chamber Music Concert on Saturday evening (December 15) will be given in the London Regional programme by the Reginald Paul Pianoforte Quartet, whose chosen items are Mozart's Quartet in A (K. 581), Dvorak's Bagatelles, Op. 47, and the Quartet in A minor, Op. 5, by Bliss. A group of songs by Hugo Wolf and Gustav Mahler will be given by Gabriel Lavelle (baritone).

Two composers have programmes devoted entirely to their works in the B.C.C. programmes this week. On Friday, December 14, London Regional will broadcast a concert of the music of Joseph Holbrooke, in which the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D) will be conducted by Sir Dan Godfrey, and the soloist will be Leslie England (pianoforte). On Saturday, December 15, Section C of the B.B.C. Orchestra, with Clara Butterworth (soprano) as the soloist, will give a programme of works by Montague Phillips, and on this occasion will be conducted by the composer himself.



The Listener

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Keeping Well

IN *The Health of the School Child**, the annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, Sir George Newman, for last year, there is a further review of the workings, after a quarter of a century, of the School Medical Service which was started in 1907. One particular point seems to deserve especial consideration: the attitude of the parents to the School Medical Service has become one of almost universal support 'for the simplest of all reasons, that most of them have themselves experienced its advantages as children'. A healthy conscience has developed, says Sir George, both in the children and in their parents. There are many ways in which the service of inspection and treatment at present in force may be improved, and Sir George Newman points out in particular that there is room for much more co-ordination of the means of treatment between private practitioner, school clinic, municipal and voluntary hospital. Much more attention, he says, should be given to the health of the normal child, the 80 per cent. who are fortunately without any marked defect or disease. The service, when it began, was largely concerned with finding out diseases in their first manifestations and rested on the realisation that the roots of most adult illness can be found in childhood. But little by little it has become apparent that the school is the greatest opportunity which people have for learning in impressionable years the main rules, at any rate, and principles of a branch of knowledge more important than any other knowledge imparted to the young. Unemployment instruction centres, industrial welfare activities, authorities in charge of higher education, all find themselves confronted with problems of the health and fitness of the young people they deal with, and all are vitally concerned to see that as much has been learnt about the laws of health before the age of fourteen as may reasonably be expected. The day has long gone by when a sharp line existed in the imagination between sickness and health and when sickness was primarily thought of in terms of plague and smallpox, sudden visitations from without. The medical profession today is not envisaged as consisting of men who bring their knives in emergencies or their drugs to the relief of the seriously sick, but as the

specialists in the whole great business of maintaining health, particularly in the trying conditions of modern town life. It may perhaps be thought with some reason, that doctors themselves have been rather backward in entering upon their role as guides in the art of healthy living and of avoiding being ill at all.

There are even doctors who consider it a by no means unmixed advantage that the general public now takes so considerable an interest in its health. At the Hunterian Society, which is composed of physicians and surgeons, there is the custom of holding once a year a kind of Saturnalia and inviting laymen to take part in a debate when they are allowed to say something else to the doctors besides 'Ah' and '99'. When this meeting was held the other evening at the Cutlers' Hall, the question debated was 'that the lay cult of health is injurious'. Sir Bruce Bruce Porter made a telling point about the great position that Medical Officers of Health ought to occupy in their communities as the accredited exponents of health hygiene and of preventive as contrasted with remedial medicine. He drew a very valuable and far-reaching distinction between work designed to prevent people from getting ill, work in which the medical professional ought obviously to give the lead in encouraging the widest publicity for sound instruction, and work in curing diseases after they have been contracted, work in which the present rigid rules which govern medical practice and forbid doctors to use the normal channels of advertisement and publicity are much more easily defended. Medical Officers of Health are still too commonly thought of as primarily concerned to stop the outbreak of infectious disease; as sentries and watchdogs rather than as teachers. But the two sides of their work are strictly complementary and their office ought, in each town, to be much more influential and eagerly sought after than it is. The first children who were examined in 1907 are men and women of forty today, with children of their own, and, before very long, destined to find themselves grandparents. In proportion as there has now taken root in all classes a vivid realisation that most illness and disease is preventible and avoidable, the public demand for reliable instruction will remain, and the medical profession has the first duty to fulfil the need that is so widely felt. In proportion as the medical profession dislikes and distrusts seeing unqualified advisers taking advantage of the means of publicity which medical etiquette closes to the profession, it must be prepared to do the work itself. Some years ago the British Medical Association brought out two invaluable handbooks giving the chemical analysis of all patent medicines. It is still better to teach people what to do so that they do not need such medicines at all. While doctors may and do advertise themselves by specialised articles in their own professional publications, they may not sign medical articles in the general Press. Yet a relaxation of this ban might be a most effective way of stopping the appearance of anonymous and often very unqualified medical advice in publications appealing to the general public.

Week by Week

IF the R.I.B.A. had celebrated its inauguration in 1834 by an exhibition of contemporary architecture, it is fairly safe to speculate that the chief interest would have centred round the question of styles, and that the chief exhibits would have been drawings of works erected under the patronage of monarchs, governments, or rich individuals—large private mansions, palaces, national galleries, parliament buildings, monuments, etc., most of them showing the Gothic or classical touch. What town-planning schemes there were would have shown the richer quarters of a city (for example, Nash's Regent Park); there would have been no houses for the poor, no bridges,

no ships, no public-houses. How far the architect's function has extended since then can be understood at the very first glance at the exhibition which the R.I.B.A. is now holding to celebrate its centenary and to illustrate, by excellent photographs and models, the architecture of the last ten years all over the world (pictures on pages 971-2). The emphasis has entirely shifted from work done for the rich private patron (there are very few large private houses shown) to work done for the community—housing schemes, hospitals, churches, schools, factories, banks, petrol-stations, liners, hotels, restaurants, cinemas. The patrons to be interested are, on the whole, not the ones with £10,000 a year who wish to build themselves a place in the country; but those who, though they can only afford £500, £1,000, £1,500 or £2,000 for a house, see no reason why it should not be well designed, and those who, as members or potential members of school boards, hospital committees and local authorities, have the most practical reasons for being interested in the best ways of building. Further, the exhibits reflect no struggle over 'styles' as such; they have an air of having been planned, and asking to be judged, not by any preconceived or abstract notion of the best 'style', but by how successfully they have solved, in construction and appearance, the particular problems involved. Where traces of regular styles persist, it is chiefly in the offices of companies and banks—classical pediments, columns and capitals are still required, it seems, to symbolise a sound financial position. The whole plan and arrangement of the exhibition are the clearest proof of the architect's present policy of taking the public into his confidence. He invites it into his new headquarters; in the catalogue, he explains his professional code, his scale of fees, and, in a very entertaining diagram, the whole complicated process of putting up a building from the moment the client approaches the architect to the settling of the last account; while in the set of plans, photographs and models of the Underground Building at St. James's Park, showing every stage of its progress, we are privileged to see the architect's mind at work solving a difficult problem in a brilliant way.

* * *

'Flats are not proper places in which to bring up a family', Sir Raymond Unwin told the Women's National Liberal Federation last week, 'nor do they lead to a happy family life'. He asked whether higher authorities had really considered what is likely to be the result socially and politically of herding together vast masses of the members of the community who have least cause to be content with life. Well-to-do people could get away for week-ends and had alternative places of amusement and resort, but people with low incomes, including the unemployed—that is, the type of people who would be housed in small flats or tenements—are just those who suffer worst from a confined life. Sir Raymond Unwin's warning is impressive in view of the tendency, noticeable in this country, to move somewhat away from the traditional English habit of trying to provide a separate house for each family, in the direction of the continental fashion of building huge blocks of working-class flats. Sir Raymond pointed out that it is actually more expensive to house families in blocks of flats in the centre of cities than in small cottages with gardens on the outskirts. The objection to the second course is the lack, up till recent times, of effective planning. The fact that new industries tend more and more to locate themselves on the outskirts, rather than in the centres of towns, is an additional reason for encouraging those who work in these industries to settle also in the outskirts. 'I am certain', said Sir Raymond, 'that we are on the wrong track in trying to increase the density of the population in the centre'.

* * *

Christmas is the season of pantomime, of large theatrical effects, and grand transformation scenes. But a play now running in London, Mr. S. I. Hsiung's 'Lady Precious Stream' is a reminder that scenery is, after all, an inessential. In the Chinese convention, which this play follows, there is no particular scenery and a great deal is cheerfully and successfully left to the imagination of the audience. The Elizabethan theatre followed the same economical principle and 'Henry V', for example, begins with a frank list of the things the audience are to imagine. Provided there is a good story to be told and good actors and actresses to tell it, it is surprising how little the scenery matters. In this old Chinese play, for example, a

pursued horseman comes to the gates of three successive frontier passes, parleying with the guard, and all this, which would have given such scope to the makers of a film, is done vividly and lightly without any horses or other scenery than a small cloth with a gateway painted on it. There is surely a lesson here for the friends of the stage that it is a mistake for them to concentrate, as they now do, upon plays in which the same hall or drawing-room remains the scene for all three acts and in which the characters are strictly limited to seven at the most. It is not by such means that the competition of the cinema can be met. Equally that competition makes ludicrous much of the old spectacular scenery. If producers would more boldly adopt what may be called at choice the Chinese or the old English method, and calmly announce that the same stage is to be considered as full of rocks and crags at one moment and as a market-place the next, they would find to their surprise, that this call for active co-operation on the part of their audience made things easier instead of more difficult. The abandonment of attempts at complete naturalism, which necessarily fail, if only because sitting-rooms, for example, are all out of size on the stage, also makes the dramatic medium easier in aiding the characters, whether Chinamen or Richard III himself, to take the audience into their confidence with long asides. The Elizabethan must have felt at the end of a play that he had exercised his imagination and had really shared the exciting fortunes of a crowd of people instead of sitting back as a completely passive spectator. If the simpler convention could be re-established, much less would have to be heard about the tyranny of the box-office and all sorts of plays would enjoy their chance.

Lord Riddell

THE DEATH OF LORD RIDDELL has already called forth many tributes and expressions of genuine sorrow, because he was a man of very wide sympathies who touched life at a great many points. But the world of broadcasting must mourn him in a particular sense, for he was one of the first and staunchest friends of the new invention, and of the B.B.C., Company and Corporation. In the early days, when the press generally contained many influential people who either failed to envisage the possibilities of a new medium or viewed it with apprehension as threatening to encroach upon the preserves of the newspapers, it was an extremely fortunate chance that Lord Riddell, still bearing fresh the distinction he had won at the Peace Conference and afterwards, was then established in a position of great influence and authority with his fellow proprietors and the journalistic world in general. The eager intellectual curiosity which was one of his outstanding characteristics and which kept him a young man till near his seventieth year, predisposed him, no less than a natural generosity and magnanimity of outlook, to make himself the friend of the newcomer. He was among the first to realise how much could be done alike for the education and for the entertainment of the mass of the population, and he could persuade others of what has since so abundantly proved to be the case, that broadcasting, by quickening the interest and widening the knowledge of the people, would increase their lively attention to the world's happenings, and assist instead of damaging newspapers in their work. Nobody knew better than he, who had himself built up vast circulations, how much room there was, and is, for an extension of popular interest beyond the field of the human interest story. He was himself a man with an immense range of interests, equally ready to read, to listen or to talk. His books on *Things that Matter* and the careful Diaries of the pre-War, War, and peace years, the publication of which is in itself an excellent monument, bear enduring witness to those qualities of mind and heart which made him the trusted counsellor of so many widely different men and bodies. He lived almost to the traditional age of man, a full and crowded life, but he had attained to so exceptional a position, a kind of constitutional monarchy in the fields he had made his own, which he held through the respect his experience and judgment and open-mindedness commanded, that his death evokes the same keen sorrow as that of a man being taken away while still in his prime.

J. C. W. R.

Poverty in Plenty

Planned Socialisation and World Trade

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

WHEN we speak of Poverty in Plenty we must be clear what we mean. There are in particular three misconceptions against which we must guard ourselves. In the first place, this is a world not of actual plenty, but only of potential plenty. Some people are misled by tales of coffee and cotton being destroyed into believing that if we could only make the best use of what is being wasted in this way we should have enough to get rid of poverty. This is not true. What is true is not that we now produce enough for plenty, but that we could do so; and that the chief reason why more is not produced is the difficulty of selling. It is true that Nature offers us sufficient resources, and man has now sufficient knowledge and industrial skill, to meet all our reasonable needs, if we could organise our supply and our distribution properly. This is a new fact in human history.

Until the modern scientific era it was materially and physically impossible for any but a very small fraction of the human race to escape perpetual and grinding poverty. No system of government or organisation could then secure the production of enough material comforts to go round. Now mankind has a new and stupendous opportunity. Poverty is no longer imposed inexorably by lack of material resources; it can be abolished if we can get a system under which increased productive capacity is always accompanied by increased purchasing capacity, so that nobody stops making because others can't buy. That in its nature is a soluble problem—but it is an extremely difficult one; and that brings me to the second misconception against which we must be on our guard.

World Trade is Essential

Phrases like Plenty and Poverty, or Production and Consumption, or Supply and Demand tempt us to take an oversimplified view of the problem. We forget the immense variety of what is made and what is needed and the infinite number of different processes that have to be linked together before we can produce and get just what we want. And, in the third place, we must remember that if the world has enough resources it isn't true that each country has. In particular a country like our own couldn't produce its own food and raw materials and maintain its present population at anything like its present standard of living, much less an improved one. World trade is essential. This is important, because when we consider how to organise we have to remember that in the present world the units of government are national. We have at present only the rudiments of world government. Detailed plans of economic organisation are therefore bound to be in the first instance national. If, however, they exclude external trade, or reduce it to small dimensions, we shall never realise enough plenty to abolish poverty. Any national systems must therefore be adjusted to each other so as to permit this, and this means gradually building up something like a real world government.

Waste Through Maladjustment

Before we pursue this question, however, let us consider what is the real difficulty. *Why* can't we keep on making as much as we can and then enjoy the results? The root cause is, I think, just this. We can only produce enough for our needs by all becoming specialists. And the price of being specialists is that every bit of separate work has to be fitted into what others are doing or what others are wanting. Robinson Crusoe didn't have this trouble. He couldn't make much, but he was in no danger of making what he didn't want. But when we have to make for people the other side of the world and in turn obtain what they are producing—and if we don't there certainly won't be enough to go round—the difficulty is a very great one. Every further increase of specialisation adds to the total that can be produced, but adds also to the difficulty of fitting in each part of the whole process to the rest. And every time there is a failure in this respect there is waste; and then there is likely to be a stoppage of production;

and this may go on till we are only making a fraction of the things—and therefore only enjoying a fraction of the things—that we could make if we went full steam ahead.

Well, how can the adjustment be made, how is it made? There are in fact two ways. First, when a group of specialised processes can be brought under a single competent control, the whole can be planned, organised, directed. This is what happens in a great public service like the Post Office or a single great industrial concern such as a factory making motor-cars, where all internal waste through maladjustment can be eliminated. Yes, but upon one side of the factory are the raw materials, produced anywhere in the world and under other people's control; and on the other side are the elusive purchasers, who may be in another continent, and who may suddenly decide to buy something else instead of a car, or to buy somebody else's car; and all round is an environment of changing general prices and purchasing power; of currency and credit conditions, which cannot be controlled or even calculated by the manager of the particular industrial concern.

Outside the groups of specialised activities that are controlled by a single authority, whether the State or a business management, adjustments have therefore to be made in a second way. This, as we all know, is by means of changing prices in combination with competition. When demand for anything exceeds the supply, prices, and therefore profits, go up and there is an inducement to increase the supply, and *vice versa*. This automatic system, which doesn't require anyone to plan or direct as a whole, has had wonderful successes. During the nineteenth century, for example, it enabled a constantly increasing population both here and in America to enjoy a constantly rising standard of life. And, though it has developed serious defects, it is still the method by which immense numbers of people displaced from one kind of job find employment in another, and in stimulating greater production with less cost and effort.

We thus have two methods of securing the required adjustments. One is the method of direct planning and control, such as we find in a great public service like the Post Office. The other is the automatic method based on changing prices. Which of these methods is the right one? My answer is, both. I don't think we can rely on either alone without great loss. Our present system is a 'mixed' one and should, I think, remain a mixed one. But I do think the function of the State, in either replacing the automatic price- and profit-changing system or in giving it what Mr. Keynes calls 'purposive direction', can and should be greatly extended—and that it can and should be much more wisely exercised.

How the State Could Help

Let me then suggest the principal ways in which the State could help to solve our problem. First, I think that there should be an increased redistribution of income through taxation and expenditure on the social services, health, education, pensions, insurance, and so on. Second, there is scope for an immense extension of public utilities in all cases where competition offers less advantage than monopoly management. In the last few years we have seen broadcasting, London Passenger Transport and (though less completely) electricity made public services. There are vast spheres of enterprise ripe for a similar treatment; other forms of insurance, transport, the sale of munitions, the distribution of the main necessities of life, and others. The practical limit to the extension and the pace of extension is our ability to organise on public lines without inefficiency and corrupt pressure. We should certainly, I think, be able to bring more than half the country's economic life under public ownership and management, and throughout the whole of this sphere we could, by familiar methods, secure a progressive equalisation of incomes, stabilisation of employment, the lowest prices which large-scale organisation without the toll of large private profits could make possible, and at the same time give to the majority of the nation the satisfaction of feeling that they are working for a public service from which private profits had been eliminated.

But I do not think we can, without great loss, extend this system over the whole of our economic life. I believe that experiment with risk of loss, rapid change of process, the seeking out of new needs and adaptation to meet them, are needed and that for these private enterprise and the price-changing methods of adjustments have immense advantages. They are more effective in eliminating obsolete and inefficient concerns, and in finding for those who are displaced by changes in industrial process new forms of *self-supporting* occupation, which do not burden the rest and lower the general standard of living. Moreover a complete State system probably involves a loss of political freedom as well as a great restriction of personal and economic freedom. Under a mixed system public and private enterprise check and correct each other. I believe therefore that private enterprise and the automatic system should still be left with a substantial part in our whole economy.

Wanted—A Public Investment Board

At the same time, however, I believe that, even in the sphere in which private enterprise remains, the State has a vital function to discharge which has been almost neglected in the past. The State, I believe, in addition to its own social and public services, must plan, control, and in broad outline determine the direction of the development which takes place within the sphere of private enterprise. The price-changing system can adjust in detail, but we now know that it cannot safely be left to construct the system within which it works, to create the environment and establish the conditions under which competition is left to operate. Let me illustrate. We know now that currency and the general price level cannot be left to the effect of changing prices on the production of gold. The State, or a public institution under instruction, must deliberately manage the currency so as to maintain its purchasing value stable. So, too, an individual investor, advised by a broker or bank, may well decide into what particular enterprise to put his savings. But we cannot safely rely upon all the transactions of this kind to distribute capital between home and foreign investment, or between different main spheres of home investment, in accordance with the public interest. I should like therefore to see a Public Investment Board, regulating the main flow of investment, while still leaving the individual transaction to be carried on, subject to its general rules, as it is at present. So, too, with the balance between home trade and foreign trade; between industry and agriculture; with the location of industrial development in the North or South of England; with the type and location of new building and so on. In all these respects I think the State needs to plan and control, determining the main structure of the country's economy itself, while leaving detailed development and adjustment to private enterprise and the guidance of changing prices. In addition, I think the State must exercise important compensating functions. Watching the whole of the country's development it can, for example, do much to keep the whole in balance by restricting some of its own activities when private enterprise is booming, and extending them when it slackens.

Nor do I contemplate that such regulating functions should be exercised by the State alone. I think that throughout every sphere of economic activity there should be a process of self-government encouraged by the State and sometimes re-inforced by statutory powers, for the purpose of eliminating abuses and waste. For example, I should like to see those who are now responsible for the principal institutions in the City of London setting up bodies of their own to deal with some of the abuses that attend Stock Exchange speculation and the flotation of new companies, and appealing if necessary to the government to help them.

We Must Plan Our Protection

Now, as to foreign trade, it is essential, as I have suggested, to recover a substantial part of the world trade which has been lost during the last few years. The exact methods will depend upon the extent and character of national planning and control which this and other countries develop. The way back is not likely to be found simply by unilateral and unrelated reductions of tariffs and quotas. It is probable that we shall all have protective systems for long to come. But if we do we must plan our protection; we must decide in what directions we intend to expand the home market; and what kind of imports we are going to take in exchange for what we export. And

we must try by negotiation to see that our national policy and those of other countries are complementary instead of being destructively competitive. Half the present troubles of world trade come from the fact that governments are pursuing national policies which are not even consistent with themselves—to say nothing of being compatible with each other. One country after another tries to sell more and buy less, and then to invest the difference at home. This is a plain arithmetical impossibility; but the attempt while it lasts is utterly destructive of world trade. Mr. Wallace, the American Minister for Agriculture, is now telling his country that it must choose. It can, he says, either admit more imports or put some forty million acres of good land out of cultivation. It must do one or the other. Other countries have corresponding choices. And the first necessity for the resumption of world trade is that if countries are to have national policies they should at least be consistent with themselves and with the laws of arithmetic. The trouble is that at present most national policies are not planned as a whole, but improvised piecemeal under the pressure of successive emergencies and sectional interests. If we decide what classes of goods we mean to shut out and what classes of goods we mean to export, we must do a simple arithmetic sum: decide how much we should import, and what kinds of goods these should be—and be prepared to remove all obstacles to their entry. On this basis we can proceed to negotiate with other countries, especially those with whom our relations are complementary rather than competitive. When we attempt this we shall of course find fluctuating exchanges a difficulty, but we can start with what is called the 'sterling area', and outside this area we could, I believe, arrange temporary and conditional stabilisation of exchanges which would be sufficient to enable us to extend our foreign trade.

Policy of Increasing Socialisation

Here, however, I am getting rather too much into the sphere of immediate day-to-day policy. It is the general system, the policy of increasing socialisation not proceeding as far as complete socialism, which I wish to commend to you. This is a mixed system, including each in its most appropriate sphere both public ownership and management and also private enterprise with the price-changing method of adjustment. It is a changing and developing system, for I contemplate a rapid increase of socialisation, both in the extension of the public services and in the purposive direction and public control of all those activities which are still left to public enterprise. This may seem to you a mere compromise between two alternatives of State planning and price adjustment; but it is not a mere half-way house—it is at least a selective compromise designed to unite the best of both methods. It does not promise an ideally complete development of productive capacity; or perfect distribution; or the elimination of all waste. But in a changing and infinitely complicated world, with limited resources of governing and organising capacity, it offers, I believe, the best that is practicable. And, if we would only give more attention, whether as economists, politicians or members of the public, to concentrating on how much we can agree on, instead of what we differ on, I believe it would also give us a practicable programme of action for a long time to come. Almost all of us really know that we cannot if we would restore the old *laissez-faire* system, that there must be increasing socialisation and increasing control of such activities as are not completely socialised. Almost all of us know at the same time that in a country like ours the complete elimination of private enterprise and competition is impracticable within any near future. We differ as to emphasis and proportion—we differ as to ultimate ideals. But, within these differences, there is, I believe, enough that is common ground to enable us to proceed to whatever be our ultimate destiny by a process of evolution rather than revolution.

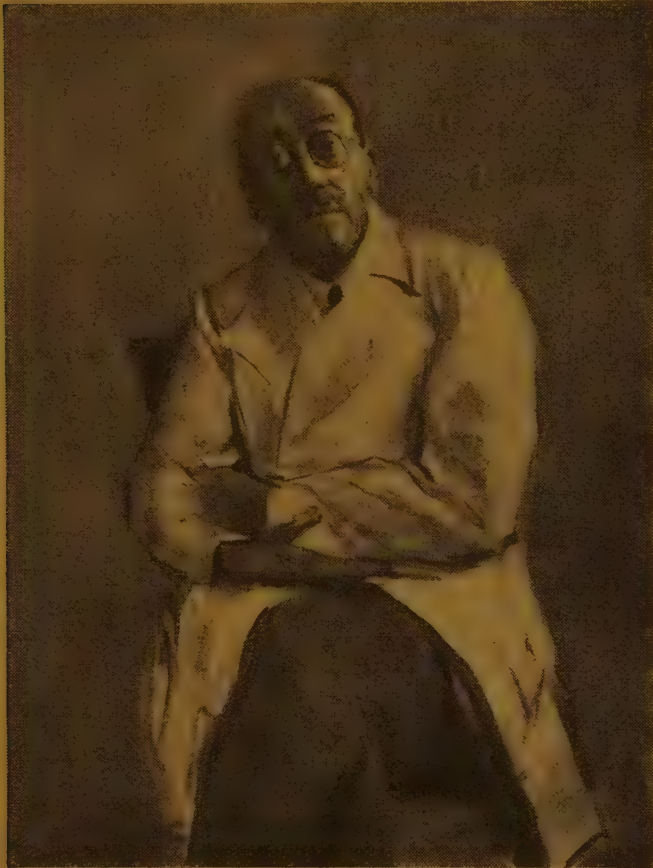
Book tokens were introduced by the National Book Council in 1932, and were an immediate success. Christmas, of course, is the season when they come into their own, and there is no doubt that for thousands of people this year the perplexing present problem will be solved to the satisfaction of both giver and recipient, by means of these attractively produced cards, which can be obtained at, and changed at, almost any bookshop in the country. They are issued at five prices, 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 21s.—plus 3d. in each case for the illustrated greeting card and book-plate of which the token is composed.

Art

Max Liebermann

By HERBERT READ

MAX LIEBERMANN, whose work is now being shown at the Leicester Galleries, is one of the grand old men of European art. Born only eight years after Cézanne, seven years after Monet, and ten years before Seurat, he is still, at the age of 87, painting pictures in a vigorous impressionist style. Post-impressionism and its aftermath have left him undisturbed; he is an authentic survivor



Portrait of Dr. Sauerbach (1932)

from the epoch of Manet and Degas, and as such he deserves our respect, and a fair measure of admiration. In his own country he has earned the highest honours: in 1920 he received the order 'Pour le Mérite'—the highest of all German decorations; in 1924 he became President of the Academy, in 1927 the freedom of the City of Berlin was conferred on him, in 1928 he was appointed Chancellor of 'Pour le Mérite'. In 1933 he renounced all his honours. For this painter, the most respected of all contemporary German painters, had the misfortune to be born a Jew.

He began his career in 1866 as a pupil of Karl Steffek, a popular painter of horses, and then came under the influence of Munkacsy, a *genre* painter who had a great vogue in the nineteenth century ('The Last Hour of the Condemned', etc.). In 1873 Liebermann went to Paris, and during his five years there became acquainted not only with the work of the Barbizon school, but also with Courbet and Millet. But the strongest influence on him at this time was not French, but Dutch. He visited Holland from Paris, and from then onwards returned to it year after year. There he found an art very much to his liking—the intimate realistic art of painters like Josef Israels and Antonis Mauve. There is a picture in the present exhibition, a 'Street in Scheveningen' (No. 40), painted in the 'seventies, which might be mistaken for a Mauve; whilst several, the 'Spinners' of 1880, the 'Mother and Child' of 1877, the 'Fishermen Repairing Nets' of 1887 and the 'Girls Sewing, Huizen,' of 1889 are not only Dutch in subject-matter, but remind us strongly of the simple 'proletarian' art of

Israels. After a few years in Munich, a place he did not find very sympathetic, Liebermann went to Berlin, where he established himself in 1884 and where he has remained ever since. Here he could not escape that eupeptic Prussian, Adolf Menzel. Menzel's work has to be seen to be believed. He had the infinite-capacity-for-taking-pains theory of genius ('*Genie ist Fleiss*') and for the best part of the nineteenth century (he lived to be 90) he took pains to portray all the formless energy, the tasteless life, and the topicality of that monstrous age. And there is no doubt that he had the infinite capacity for the task; he was the professional painter in excelsis. He infected Liebermann with his worldliness, his lustiness, his technical virtuosity. Liebermann never descended to such detail as Menzel, and though Menzel could be impressionistic, he was never an Impressionist in the historical sense of the word. But that is a label we can fairly apply to Liebermann.

As compared with a French Impressionist like Degas (his nearest parallel in France) Liebermann seems very heavy-handed and insensitive. His 'Polo Players' in the present exhibition should be compared with one of Degas' racecourse pictures. Liebermann perhaps renders energy and action more directly; Degas' canvases are comparatively static. But in every other quality, in ingenuity of composition, in atmosphere, above all, in colouring, the French painter is infinitely more subtle and successful. Liebermann's landscapes owe more to Manet. Manet's painting of his country house is in the Berlin National Gallery and has surely inspired a painting like 'The Artist's House at Wannsee' (1933) in the present exhibition. Now, though one does not think of Manet as one of the great colourists, he has at least his liveliness. Liebermann would seem to be completely devoid of this sensibility. His paintings are not positively disharmonious; they are just dull. He has, in the course of his development, greatly lightened their tone, but only to expose more and more his essential reliance on line.

Liebermann is too old and too generally respected to have suffered the fate of nearly all Jewish artists in contemporary Germany. Since the Nazis affirm the existence of racial qualities



Self-portrait



Girls Sewing (1889)



Polo Players (1912)

By courtesy of the Leicester Galleries

in art and point to the detrimental effect of Jewish elements on a national culture, it is worth while considering what characteristics in Liebermann's art might be due to his Jewish origin. I confess I find none at all. The Jewish genius, as I have remarked before in *THE LISTENER*, is not naturally expressed in the plastic arts; there is no Hebrew architecture or painting or sculpture to correspond to Hebrew literature. Nevertheless, in the case of one or two modern artists (Marc Chagall, for example) one might isolate a certain quality which is Jewish—a certain rhetoric, a certain psychological phantasy. But these qualities are not present in Liebermann. 'The more naturalistic a painter is, the more imaginative he must be; for the imagination of a painter is shown, not in the representation of ideas, but in the representation of reality'. That is a saying of Liebermann's, and it certainly expresses a sentiment inconsistent with the general character of German art, in which there has always been a mystical, transcendental tendency. But the sentiment expressed by Liebermann is not typically Jewish;

it is merely anti-transcendental, anti-romantic. It exactly describes the art of such un-Jewish artists as Constable and Cézanne.

A correspondent the other week upbraided me for my habit of rash generalisation. I prefer to generalise, because it seems to me to be the only vital kind of mental activity, even when it is wrong. But here is a case where generalisation does not seem to me to be possible. Perhaps at certain stages in its development a people expresses its national or racial characteristics in its art; but that is not true for the whole of history, and particularly untrue of the period since the Renaissance. Again and again we have seen movements in art arise which, in virtue of a certain universality in their basic assumptions, sweep across boundaries and racial divisions, and unite men in the commonality of an idea. Such movements are not national, and yet they are not anti-national; they are super-national, and those forces which oppose them are the forces of philistinism—of intellectual mediocrity and cultural reaction.

The Sky at Night

Astronomy Without a Telescope

By R. L. WATERFIELD

PEOPLE do not realise how much one can see of what is going on in the heavens without any telescope at all. The ordinary man, they suppose, must take his astronomy for granted from books and lectures. And that, I think, is why astronomy is so rarely taken up as a hobby: why most healthy children become botanists and collect birds' eggs and butterflies.

After all, you must remember that for over forty centuries astronomers did not have any telescopes; yet they managed to make many discoveries of vital importance. And presumably what they were able to see we can also see. They studied mainly the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies. In this way they discovered that the earth was round, that each day it spun like a top upon its axis, and that in the course of a year it travelled in a large circle around the sun. Other observations, also made without a telescope, enabled Newton to deduce his Law of Gravitation and to show that the force that held the moon in its path round the earth was the same force that made the apple fall to the ground.

But you must not run away with the idea that these celestial movements which you can all watch from your back-gardens are merely of historical interest. The sailors use them daily for navigating the oceans; and by means of them they can cross thousands of miles of open sea and drop anchor precisely at their intended destination. Again, our system of time-reckoning depends on the movements of the heavens. And those mysterious 'six pips' that emanate so conveniently from the B.B.C. are actually derived from noting the precise instants at which certain stars were due south of Greenwich.

When you go on a railway journey and look out of the window you find that there are two entirely different sorts of movements going on outside. You see men walking about and cows grazing; and you also observe nearby telegraph-poles rushing past you at a prodigious speed. Since you have been a pedestrian on previous occasions you are familiar with the movements of men and cows and know that telegraph-poles are not in the habit of moving about. So you distinguish the two sorts of movements without difficulty, and ascribe that of the telegraph-poles to the motion of the train. The astronomer is in a position similar to that of the railway passenger. Everything he observes in the heavens is necessarily seen from the moving earth. But the astronomer has never had the advantage of the railway passenger in being able to step off the moving earth and watch the heavens from a stationary position. What made things still more difficult at first was that it was a long time before the astronomer realised that the earth *was* moving. So, with the celestial movements, we have always to distinguish that which is real from that which is merely the result of the earth's rotation or of the earth's revolution round the sun. On a clear, moonless night one is able to see with the naked eye rather over a thousand stars scattered at random over the sky. Apart from enormous differences in their brightness and slight differences in their colour, they all look exactly alike. Even a

trained astronomer seeing a solitary star through a gap in the clouds would be hard put to it to say which one it was. The thing which makes it possible to tell one star from another is the position it occupies in relation to its neighbours. For the stars are fixed in their positions relatively to each other; and the star groups, or constellations as they are called, are practically the same now as they were over four thousand years ago when astronomers first named them. If the Chaldean shepherds could come to life and see again the constellations with which they were so familiar, I doubt whether they could detect any change in their shapes and positions. And this is the excellent reason *why* the stars are called 'fixed stars'.

But do not imagine that the stars seen from a window in your house are fixed in relation to your tree-tops and chimneys. You have only got to watch them for about ten minutes to see quite obviously that they are moving. The movement, however, is not of the individual stars; it is a movement of the sky as a whole, as though the stars were painted upon the inside of a big dome which was slowly turning round you.

Centuries ago men actually regarded the sky as a hollow sphere with the stars fixed upon it. They believed that it revolved once a day while the earth remained stationary in the middle of it. Now, of course, we realise that the apparent turning round of the sky is simply the result of the earth spinning on its axis. If you twist yourself round rapidly in the drawing-room, the room with all the furniture in it appears to be going round you in the opposite direction. It is only because you get giddy that you can be *quite* certain that it was yourself and not the room that was turning round. As the earth spins round each day we are naturally spun round with it. But, since we do not get giddy as a result, we fail to realise that *we* are turning, and get the impression that it is the sky that is revolving round us. Now as the spinning of the earth takes place around an imaginary spindle running through its North and South Poles, the heavens appear to revolve about a continuation of that spindle. In other words, they appear to turn round two points in the sky situated exactly over the top of the North and South Poles respectively. In England we cannot see the sky that is overhead at the South Pole for the obvious reason that it is beneath our feet. But we can see the part of the sky that is exactly overhead at the North Pole; and it so happens that it is conveniently marked by quite a conspicuous star called the Pole Star.

The Pole Star is like the hub of a wheel: it remains fixed at the centre while the wheel goes round. Thus the whole sky appears to revolve round the Pole Star and every star goes round it in a circle once a day. Any hour of the night or any night of the year, if you take your stand at the same point in your garden, the Pole Star will always be there over the same tree-top. It is the beginner's one ground for optimism: it is the only star *always* to be found in the same position in your garden.

Suppose you were to brave the polar night and stand at the

North Pole, you would find the Pole Star, which is exactly over the top of the North Pole, exactly over the top of your head. As you watched you would see the stars all moving slowly round the Pole Star: those near it describing small circles, those further from it and nearer to the horizon describing correspondingly larger circles. Every circle would be horizontal and parallel to the horizon, so that each star as it went round would remain the same distance above the horizon. No star would ever rise or set; they would just go round and round; and those that were lowest in the sky would skim along the unbroken rim of snow which formed your horizon.

In places at a comfortable distance from the Pole the Pole Star is no longer overhead but displaced downwards towards the northern horizon. In England it is about one-third of the way down the sky from the overhead point towards the north horizon. Consequently in England, as the stars move round the Pole Star, they must revolve round us as though they were fixed to a dome which is tipped up at an angle to the horizon. And it is this tilting up of the celestial dome as seen from non-polar regions that is the whole explanation of the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies.

Stand in the open beneath a tall tree so that the top of it is due north of you and high over your head. With your arm and forefinger outstretched and pointing to the top of it, describe in a direction opposite to the hands of a clock a series of ever-widening circles. If the top of the tree represents the position of the Pole Star in the sky, then these circles around it represent the tracks which stars at various distances from the Pole Star follow each day around it. At first the circles are comparatively small, and though they come nearest to the horizon in the north they still pass completely clear of it. They show that for a considerable distance round the Pole Star the stars remain above the horizon during the whole of their twenty-four hour circuit. Presently as the



Star camera

To counteract the earth's rotation and the resulting motion of the sky, the instrument during an exposure is kept moving by clockwork round an axle pointing to the hub of the sky (upwards from left to right in the picture). The movement is controlled by watching simultaneously two stars through the telescope

circles widen they begin to touch and even to pass below the northern horizon, and at the same time they cross the sky high up over the back of your head. These illustrate how stars further removed from the Pole Star rise in the north-east, climb high overhead in the south, and set in the north-west. You cannot go on much further with this experiment as your head begins to get hopelessly in the way; but you should now be able to see how, in

parts of the sky yet further from the Pole Star, the stars will rise in the south-east, climb less far up in the southern sky, and set in the south-west.

But what, you will ask; is there below the southern horizon? To answer this for yourself you must take a ship and travel into more southerly latitudes. Below the southern horizon there is a region of the sky that never rises in England. It is a circular area of the sky over the antarctic regions of the earth and is of exactly the same size as that circular area round the Pole Star which we saw just now never sets below the English horizon. As your ship goes south so these previously hidden stars rise up over the southern horizon; and now if you look

back towards the north you will find that the Pole Star is slowly sinking lower and lower in the sky. Now this contains just half the secret by which the navigator guides his ship across the seas. For it is the height of the Pole Star above the horizon that gives him a measure of his latitude. When he sees the Pole Star immediately overhead he must be at the North Pole; when he finds it exactly on his horizon he must be crossing the Equator; finally, if he finds it between the horizon and the point overhead, his ship must be at a corresponding distance between the Equator and the North Pole.

You see now what an important star the Pole Star is; and you

naturally want to know how to find it. By means of a map, or from the position of the sun when south at midday, find the north direction from some selected point in your garden. When night comes, go to this spot and look north. Now judge a distance two-thirds of the way from the north horizon to the point exactly overhead. You should find there a moderately conspicuous star which is the Pole Star. To make doubly sure identify the seven bright stars of the Great Bear which extend upwards from the north-east. It looks like a giant soup-ladle balancing on its handle. The two top stars forming one side of the 'bowl' point towards the left, almost exactly to the Pole Star.

When you have found the Pole Star and seen its relation to the Great Bear you can always find it even if you go into someone else's garden. Wherever the Great Bear is in the sky, whether on its head or its heels, the two stars we have mentioned always point to the Pole Star. Remember the Pole Star is always due north and will always give you your compass bearing. And when some night you are driving in a strange part of the country, when you have taken some winding lane in mistake for a short cut, you may be glad to recognise the Pole Star and be grateful to it for its information.

Those of our readers who like, in choosing their Christmas cards, to diverge from the ordinary beaten track, and to avoid the 'Robin and Plum-pudding' style of card, may be interested in the new 'Cantabrigia' series of cards published by W. Heffer and Sons, Petty Cury, Cambridge. These are decidedly original in theme and treatment, though simple in design and colour. Another series of cards out of the usual are those issued by the Medici Society, though on the whole they incline nearer to the conventional standard. Among the best are reproductions of a very pleasant landscape, 'The Bridge, Borwick', by Sir Charles Holmes, and of a woodcut by Leo Frank, entitled 'Before the Storm'. For those who like to break away altogether from the Christmas card itself, there are the beautiful colour reproductions issued by the British Museum. Three new series of pictorial postcards have been issued: water colour by John White (1585-90) done in Virginia and Florida; miniatures of 'The Fall of Richard II' from a fifteenth-century manuscript; and miniatures and borders attributed to Cybo, the 'Monk of Hyères', late fourteenth century. The Museum has also issued a beautiful full-page reproduction in colours from the Lindisfarne Gospels.

The Crest Press should have been mentioned with Messrs. Gollancz as the publishers of Mr. H. G. Wells' *Experiment in Autobiography*, reviewed on page 921 of our issue of November 28.



Stars round the Pole Star

Two-hour exposure of the hub of the sky, with ordinary stationary camera. In twenty-four hours each star path would become a complete circle. The Pole Star is close by the centre. A shooting star intruded during the exposure and produced the straight streak

By kind permission of Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer

Pantomimes v. Films

By MACK SENNETT and JULIAN WYLIE

We regret that since this discussion was broadcast on December 4, Mr. Wylie has died

MACK SENNETT: Now, Mr. Wylie, you promised to tell me what this pantomime is. Say, what is British pantomime?

JULIAN WYLIE: It is a survival of the mid-winter carnivals or orgies, which seem to have taken place as far back as the human race can be traced.

SENNETT: You're going back very far now. You're not going to tell me Adam and Eve had anything to do with pantomime, are you?

WYLIE: It seems probable that the mid-winter carnival from which pantomime springs goes back to prehistoric times. Every year the leaves fell off the trees, the weather became cold and the earth and all its fruits appeared to die, and they had this mid-winter carnival to cheer themselves up.

SENNETT: Is that why you still have them at Christmas time?

WYLIE: Yes, this is mid-winter and the season when this carnival has always taken place. For instance, in the Roman Empire they had Saturnalia.

SENNETT: Ah, Saturnalia. Of course, I know what that means—the Roman Carnival, in which everything was turned topsy-turvy. The slaves were freed for the day and the masters waited on them. And the men dressed up in women's clothes and the women dressed up in men's clothes. Everything was turned upside down. But what has that got to do with pantomime?

WYLIE: Well, that is exactly what we still do in the pantomimes to this day. The hero is played by a woman. The 'Dame' is played by a man, the Baron or King is the butt of everybody's jokes, and the lowest scullion is King for a day.

SENNETT: I was under the impression that pantomime was an entertainment, dramatic story, or comic incident, with no words; just dumb show, like the old silent films.

WYLIE: Oh, no. Strangely enough the original meaning of the word 'pantomime' is not dumb show at all. The word comes from two Greek words, meaning 'I imitate all'. The pantomime was introduced into England in the reign of King James I, by an Italian Company called the Comedia del Arte, the principal comedian of which was named Arlecchino.

SENNETT: That's very interesting. And I suppose he was the original of the name 'Harlequin'?

WYLIE: Yes, that is so. They played their pantomimes with words, but some time later, in the reign of King Charles II, a Royal Patent was given to the theatres in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, giving them the sole right to play pieces with words, and it was illegal to say anything on the stage of any other theatre but those two. All the other theatres were com-

pelled to play their pantomimes without the spoken word. The law was strictly enforced. It is on record that a famous French clown named Delpini was engaged to appear at one of the smaller theatres in London, and thinking to get a laugh, he came on the stage and shouted 'Roast beef, roast beef!' For this he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison for six months.

SENNETT: Oh, he was put in 'quod'. Now you've mentioned the word 'clown'. What about these clowns?

WYLIE: We call them comedians nowadays, but I don't know whether you would call them clowns or not. What is your definition of a clown?

SENNETT: The clown is an artist who has a routine of business and a definite make-up. I hold that if you take that routine and make-up away from him, he ceases to be a clown. A good comedian does not need a routine. His humour is in himself, and he is funny without any special make-up.

WYLIE: Who would you say is the greatest comedian you have ever directed in films?

SENNETT: Charlie Chaplin, without a doubt. Mr. Chaplin is not a clown though: he is a comedian. He can portray a clown, but he has pathos, humour, romance. He runs the whole gamut of emotion.

WYLIE: In spite of that I should call Charlie Chaplin also a clown, because he has a very definite make-up; in fact he has the same make-up that clowns have always worn, as far back as we can trace them. The original Arlecchino had a pale face and black marks on his face to distinguish him from the common herd, patched trousers, and splay feet; and he carried a staff or wand. Now, surely, that is the same make-up that Charlie Chaplin wears in his films, only the black marks have become a small moustache and the staff has become a little cane.

SENNETT: O.K. But your clown must have a routine, a mechanical routine, as it were, to perform. Mr. Chaplin doesn't need a routine. He just needs an idea and he will follow and develop it to the climax without routine. Each piece of business for him is an entirely new creation.

WYLIE: I quite agree with you, Mr. Sennett.

SENNETT: Thank you, Mr. Wylie. Now, I see your pantomime at Drury Lane will be called 'Cinderella'. You're on very safe ground there, because I have made a number of films on that subject during my career, and it has always succeeded. Of course, we didn't call it 'Cinderella', but it really was the 'Cinderella' story we used. It's the greatest story in the world. How do you handle it in pantomime?

WYLIE: We tell the story as simply as possible, the story of the poor little girl who went to the ball and lost her glass



'Arlecchino' of the screen
United Artists, Ltd. Still from 'City Lights'



'Principal Boy'. Design for costume in 'Babes in the Wood' at Drury Lane, 1897
Victoria and Albert Museum

slipper, how the prince found her by means of it, and how they married and lived happily ever afterwards.

SENNETT: Surely that in itself is not enough to entertain your modern audiences? What do you do besides that?

WYLIE: We tell the story to amuse the children, and the remainder of the entertainment is to amuse the grown-ups, so that the story has to be supported with plenty of topical jokes, popular songs, and slapstick comedy.

SENNETT: Slapstick comedy? Where have I heard that name before? I've done a great number of slapstick comedies on the screen, and you claim that pantomime is something the screen can't do?

WYLIE: Well, I will tell you something, Mr. Sennett. All the slapstick business you do on the screen originated in pantomime. We've done it all for centuries, but we try to keep it fresh and up to date.

SENNETT: But how does the slapstick stuff go into the story of 'Cinderella'?

WYLIE: The theme of 'Cinderella' is so simple and delightful that it will blend with almost any other type of entertainment. That is why I can work into it my comedians, my clowns, my music, my ballet, and my dancing.

SENNETT: I told you 'Cinderella' was a good story. But what about our gangsters and gunmen? You can't put them into a pantomime.

WYLIE: We certainly can, in some pantomimes, although they may not be quite the same as the film gangsters. For instance, in 'Babes in the Wood' we have two kidnappers, two robbers who steal the children.

SENNETT: Kidnappers, eh? I thought that was a purely American industry. But tell me why we can't do pantomime on the screen, as we try to do entertainments of universal appeal.

WYLIE: That is exactly the point. Pantomime cannot and must not be universal in its appeal. On the contrary, it *must* be local and topical. It is part of the annual holiday of the people, and not of the people in general, but of the people of the particular town in which the pantomime is being played.

SENNETT: Oh, I see. In other words, it is made for home consumption only.

WYLIE: Exactly. For instance, in my pantomime at Glasgow I have a famous Scotch comedian, Mr. Will Fyffe. In my pantomime in Manchester I have a famous Lancashire comedian, and the jokes are those which appeal directly to the people of those cities. I have heard my star comedians crack jokes

in the North which would be incomprehensible to a London audience, and *vice versa*. We also sing the latest popular songs, and the audience join in the choruses. All these things are essential ingredients in the pantomime. We even mention local tradespeople, so you see it is impossible to do pantomimes on the screen because films have to be prepared months before they are required and must appeal to the world in general.

SENNETT: I see what you mean. I think you're right. I don't think the screen can do a pantomime. The appeal of the screen must be universal. It has to deal with emotions, because it doesn't matter whether it's Mexico, America, Europe, China, Japan or India, human emotions are the same. It's the universal appeal of emotion that we have to put up. We can't be local because of that. We can't be topical because a film may be made months before it is ever shown, but we can be universal. That's why sex and romance are the greatest bases of a screen story.

WYLIE: Sex is almost absent in pantomime. The mere idea of a principal boy being played by a girl destroys that. Not only do we have to be local and topical but we have to please grown-ups and children. The children like the story and the grown-ups like the comedy, the special gags, and the pretty girls.

SENNETT: I saw a photograph of you the other day, Mr. Wylie, with a lot of bathing beauties. Do you use them in your pantomimes?

WYLIE: Oh, yes, I've got them at Drury Lane, certainly. I have seventy girls in the show, of whom twenty are bathing beauties.

SENNETT: Then you have swiped my American bathing beauty idea?

WYLIE: We had bathing beauties before Christopher Columbus discovered America. Still, I admit, Mr. Sennett, that your bathing beauties were peaches.

SENNETT: Thanks, but I can return the compliment. During my short period in England I want to tell you I have seen a lot of beautiful girls, and you know that a pure English beauty is probably the most beautiful woman in the whole world.

WYLIE: I hope you'll come and see my bathing beauties at Drury Lane.

SENNETT: Just try and keep me out of your theatre if you can! How about going over now and taking a look around?

WYLIE: I'm very sorry, but I'm taking my wife to the pictures.

SENNETT: Oh, you want to find some new gags for your pantomime.

WYLIE: New ones or old ones, it doesn't matter. Pantomime will never die. Its life blood is the laughter of the little children, and so long as there is a fairy story left and a child to tell it to, so long as there is a grown-up who wants to recapture his lost youth, so long as romance and beauty mean anything in this world, pantomime will utter its slogan—its slogan which is a declaration of immortality—'Here we are again'.



The most famous of pantomime clowns—Joe Grimaldi in 'Mother Goose'

By courtesy of the Gabrielle Enthoven Collection



Harlequin as a Chinaman

From 'The Development of the Theatre' by Allardyce Nicholl (Harrap). By courtesy of Lady Gollancz

The thousands of appreciative listeners who heard the broadcast message of His Majesty the King from Sandringham last Christmas will be interested in a large-size natural colour portrait of 'H.M. the King at the Microphone' which has just been published by the Times Publishing Company. The portrait, which is reproduced from a *Times* photograph, is an excellent likeness of His Majesty, and copies of it can be obtained at a price of 1s. each. Proceeds of the sale will be devoted to charity.

Current Musical Topics

Shakespeare, Opera and Some Theories

By FRANCIS TOYE

ATTENDING an opera the other day in which the text of one of Shakespeare's plays had been set almost as it stood by a composer, I had cause to reflect on the unsatisfactoriness of the result. The composer clearly possessed skill and considerable talent; he understood the stage better than most English composers. Yet, to be frank, his opera was so dull that I could not sit it out. The reason seemed to me to lie in all probability in the æsthetic principle that had prompted him to set almost every word of the text.

Apparently, for some reason or other, there is, or has been, a kind of conspiracy to praise composers who attempt to set to music integral texts by the great masters of drama. However unsatisfactory the result, they are held to be *ipso facto* superior to the ordinary operatic composer who is content with a mere libretto founded on such texts. Operas such as Verdi's 'Macbeth', Rossini's 'Otello' and Thomas' 'Hamlet' are pilloried because of their lack of fidelity to the original Shakespeare and their composers blamed for bad taste in music and literature alike. Now I should be the first to admit that the last two operas at any rate leave a great deal to be desired, first because the music (except in the last act of Rossini's opera) is not adequate to the subject; second, because the librettos are in themselves absurd and futile. In both instances (but not in Verdi's 'Macbeth') Shakespeare ought to have been left out of the matter altogether, in that there is little or nothing in either of them consonant with the majesty of his name. Even, however, had the titles been changed, as, in Germany, they do with respect to Gounod's 'Faust', calling it 'Margaret', the result would have been unsatisfactory because—I insist once again—music and librettos are in themselves unsatisfactory. But for no other reason. Had all Rossini's score been up to the standard of the last act, had Ambroise Thomas been a composer of genius, had the compilers of the librettos achieved results that held the interest or moved the feelings, both 'Otello' and 'Hamlet' might have been accounted good operas, Shakespeare or no Shakespeare. An opera, to be successful, must stand on its own feet as an opera; nothing else matters.

We know from the collaboration of Boito and Verdi that it is possible to found on Shakespeare an opera that is truly Shakespearean and satisfactory in itself. The genius of Boito as a librettist, however, is the rarest of phenomena, and nobody, in my view, has ever rivalled his 'Otello' and 'Falstaff' as combinations of Shakespearean scholarship and feeling with the provision of perfect opportunities for the operatic composer. Even so it is possible that 'Falstaff', which adheres the more closely to the original, moves too fast for musical purposes. Moreover, in any case, Boito and Verdi were Italians writing for a public wholly unfamiliar with the original texts of Shakespeare. They were not forced, as English audiences are inevitably forced, to make comparisons.

It is the familiar quotations that provide the most obvious stumbling-blocks. We cannot help gasping when somebody sings: 'Is this a dagger which I see before me', or 'To be or not to be, that is the question'. I think the reason in reality is that these words already possess their own music for us, or rather, are their own music. We unconsciously resent the intrusion of any sound alien to that which they conjure up by association of memory. To a greater or lesser extent this holds good of countless passages through the plays. The music of Shakespeare's verse is no mere phrase; it is a reality. The addition of any other music detracts from rather than adds to the effect. Wherefore I make so bold as to affirm that the better the Shakespeare, the less is it suitable to musical setting as it stands.

There is another point, too: the rapid succession of ideas or of images which cumulatively makes an irresistible effect in words, but in music (a more leisurely form of expression) gives an impression of indigestion. Perhaps I may draw an example of what I have in mind from 'Antony and Cleopatra'. Enobarbus' descriptions of Cleopatra are admittedly among the most magical passages in all Shakespeare; let us take the last and the most famous of them:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Now this, charged though it be with what at first sight appears to be musical suggestiveness, is, I maintain, totally unsuited to music, just as the previous passage in which Enobarbus has described Cleopatra's arrival on her barge is unsetting because of its very wealth of imagery. After these words music has nothing more to say about Cleopatra; her 'infinite variety' is already portrayed in the most vivid possible fashion. Music cannot add one jot or tittle to our realisation of her charm, her magic and her wantonness. Were there but two lines instead of six, the case might have been different; music might have had an opportunity to fill in, to suggest. But as the lines stand there is no pause—and the function of the opera librettist is to provide such pauses for the music to reinforce and comment on the action in its own way.

Not that there are not at times in Shakespeare passages ideally suited to musical treatment. By a curious coincidence the final scene of this very 'Antony and Cleopatra' is rich in them. When Iras says those glamorous words:

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark

or again when Cleopatra herself well-nigh chants:

Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?

the situation and the action are such as almost to ask for music—except for the unfortunate fact that the music of the words themselves is so exquisite as to make any other music seem sacrilegious. Solely from the dramatic point of view, however, the action could without prejudice be held up, the situation advantageously intensified by musical commentary here. But such passages in Shakespeare are comparatively rare and there is nothing like an exception to illustrate, if not to prove, the rule.

It is high time, then, in my view, that the setting of Shakespeare's texts ceased to be regarded as commendable in itself. It is not commendable because, without rearrangement, these texts are not in fact suited to operatic treatment. In all probability we of today pay too much attention to the words on which music is hung, just as our predecessors of yesterday paid too little. Largely, so far as opera is concerned, this is the fault of Wagner, who popularised for fifty years the heresy that music existed primarily to reinforce words. He himself was far too much of a musician blindly to follow his theory in practice, but his less-endowed successors and imitators had the advantage of no such check and have continued to inflict on the world musico-dramatic productions far duller because far more pretentious than any of the old operas that followed the lines of recitative, aria and set ensemble.

For the old operatic convention possessed at least the advantage of making it impossible to write an opera without melody or rhythm, while we excuse the lack of these indispensable things by talking of 'just declamation', 'subtle orchestral commentary' and the like. As if anything could take the place of song in opera! But there—it is the old story, the eternal ding-dong between the claims of drama on the one hand and music on the other. Opera started as recitative; then (with Monteverdi) were born the germs of the aria. The aria swept the board; back we come, Mozart protesting, to the cry of 'drama first'; Gluck and Calzabigi are the great heresiarchs. Next with Rossini, Bellini and Co. we return to the supremacy of song and singers. Along comes Richard Wagner and, Verdi protesting, we are swept back again under the domination of words. We of this generation, tired of their thrall, are just beginning to revert to the ideals of Mozart and Verdi. They are at least the ideals of those who did not scruple to put the claims of music first; which is a safeguard against boredom.

RADIO NEWS-REEL DEC. 3-9

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletin



The U.S. Armament Inquiry Commission—

ARMS TRAFFIC

The U.S. Arms Inquiry has been discussing the 1925 Conference on international arms traffic control and the activities of various armament manufacturing concerns. Senator Nye, the Chairman of the Inquiry, said: 'We have emphatic proof that the War Department and the Commerce Dept. were at the beck and call of the munitions industry'



—and the Dupont brothers, armament manufacturers, who have been called upon to give evidence

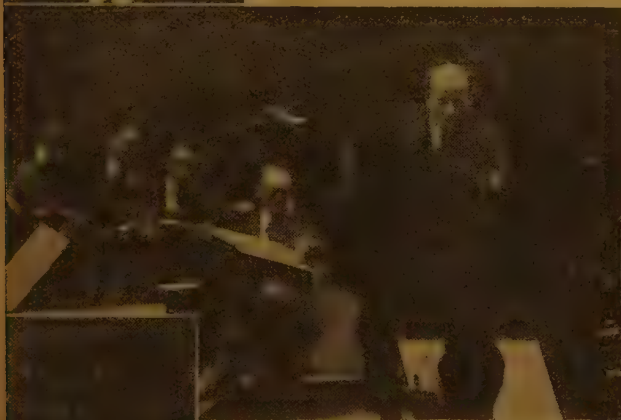
CHANGES IN GERMAN PUBLIC LIFE



Herr Brückner, the deposed President of Silesia, who was arrested at the Tempelhof airport in Berlin

THE REICHSTAG FIRE

This fire, which preceded the Nazi victory in 1933, has again become the subject of controversy. The *Paris Journal* has published what purports to be a confession, admitting the act of deliberate arson, written by Karl Ernst (on right), one of the most prominent storm troop leaders who was among the victims of the 'purge' of June 30. The authenticity of the document has been officially denied in Berlin



Dr. Wilhelm Furtwangler, the famous conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, has resigned; the reasons for his resignation are said to be differences of opinion with National Socialist authorities on the value of music by German composers



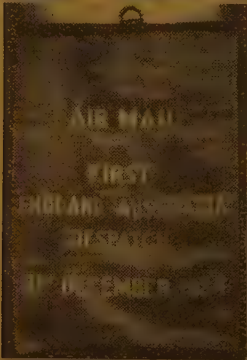
Dr. Hindemith (left), famous modern composer and Professor of the Prussian State High School of Music has also resigned





LONDON TRAFFIC

The Minister of Transport has appointed Col. Bressey to review the lay-out of the roads in the 900 square miles in the London traffic area. In the House of Commons, a group of Members recently handed in a suggestion for 'overways', roads to be constructed above the main railway lines to relieve congestion. This drawing shows a projected 'overway' between Raynes Park and Lambeth



AUSTRALIAN MAIL ACCELERATION

The Royal Mail air service between England and Australia, the longest air-mail journey in the world, was inaugurated at Croydon last Saturday. The illustrations show (on left) the silk bag in which the King's mail was carried and (below) the departure from Croydon



ANOTHER LAUNCH BY WIRELESS

The Duke of Gloucester, by pressing a switch in Brisbane City Hall, Australia, launched this 24,000 ton liner *Orion*. The launching was carried out by wireless, and the whole ceremony was shared between Brisbane and Barrow

YUGOSLAV EXPULSIONS

The first picture to arrive in London last week of Hungarians being questioned on arrival at Budapest after their expulsion from Yugoslav territory. The Hungarian Government's reply to Yugoslav charges was issued at Geneva on Saturday night. It stated that Hungary had never showed lack of zeal in controlling Yugoslav immigrants, that no passports were issued to terrorists, and that no Hungarian soldier organised Croat refugees





FRENCH 'OTTAWA' CONFERENCE

The French President, M. Lebrun, opening the Economic Conference between France and her Overseas Possessions

THE SAAR MINES

It was announced on December 3 that complete agreement has been reached between the French and German Governments: if the Saar returns to Germany, Germany shall pay France twelve million pounds for the mines and for the credits and French banknotes which Germany will take over. The photographs show typical mining scenes in the Saar



A Court of Appeal has delivered judgment in the appeal of the seven Bengalis convicted of the attempted murder of the Governor of Bengal, Sir John Anderson. Two sentences of death were upheld. The illustration shows the arrest of the assailants after the attempt

Photographs: Mondiale



Russia went into mourning for three days for M. Kiroff, the Soviet Leader, who was assassinated recently

THE SARAGOSSA GHOST

The outside of the haunted block of flats, with part of the crowd waiting to catch a glimpse of the ghost, and (inset) the chimney flue from which the mysterious voice emanated. It is understood that the ghost in question was a servant girl, who used powers of ventriloquism to make her voice heard through the kitchen range in order to scare a small boy in her charge; she scared a wide audience, caused her employers to leave their flat, and brought the activities of her 'ghost' into the world's news



The Times



The Times



CONSERVATIVES AND INDIA

Mr. Baldwin is seen here about to address the crowded meeting at the Queen's Hall on December 4, when the Central Council of Conservative and Unionist Associations approved the Government's Indian Policy by an overwhelming majority

Viscount Buckmaster, the great lawyer and former Lord Chancellor, died last Wednesday at the age of 73



Lord Riddell, famous journalist and newspaper proprietor, and one of

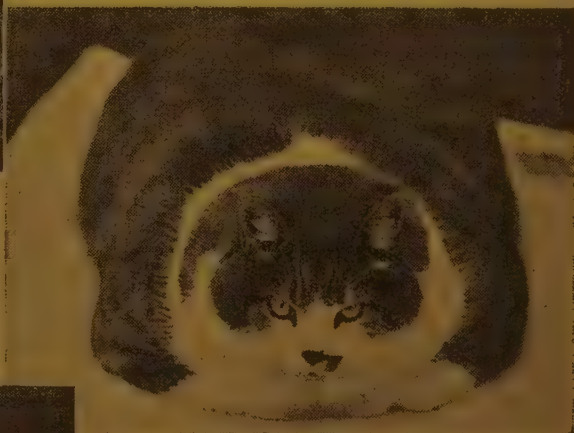
the outstanding figures in the revolution of the Press in this country which has come about in the last 40 years, has died at the age of 69. Viscount Beaverbrook, in the course of his broadcast appreciation of him last Wednesday, said: 'He was Dean of Fleet Street. He was leader of the profession of journalism... The confidant of many statesmen, he never carried mischief anywhere...'



Photograph: A. R. Hogg

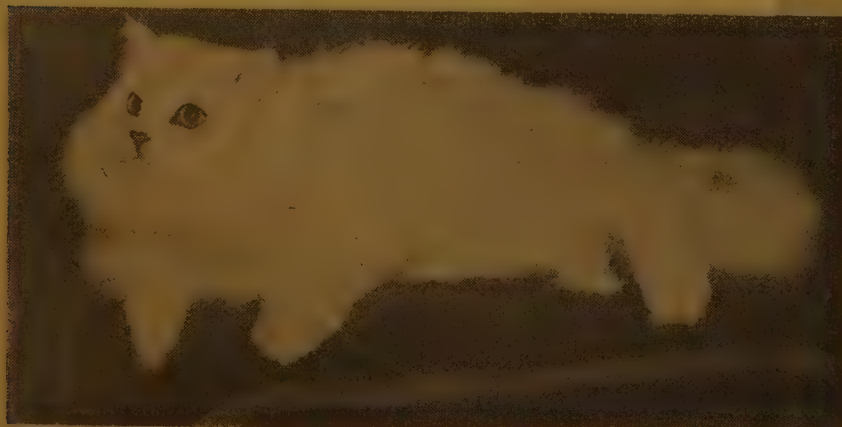
MAIN ROAD, RATHLIN ISLAND

Three hundred people live on Rathlin Island, off the Ulster coast, and for thirty years they have paid no rates. Last week Antrim County Council decided not to carry out road improvements because the rates have not been paid



DISTINGUISHED CATS

Here is 'Gibson', said to be the largest domestic cat in the world, who died in London last week. He was only 8 years old, but he weighed 35 lbs. and had a circumference of 2 ft. 9 in. He had eaten nothing but raw beef and liver, and had never drunk milk—only water. The elegant white cat, 'Thistledown Carus', is the champion of the National Cat Club's Championship Show at Crystal Palace



*Freedom and Authority in the Modern World**Is the State's Claim Absolute?*

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

I HAVE tried to show earlier in this series that it is difficult to lay down any precise limits of sovereignty, and that every modern State claims omniscience. In theory at least it does not allow any challenge to its powers, even though it is extremely unlikely to use them to the full in normal times. Such a claim, however, is obviously not the same thing as an assertion that it must always be right for the citizen to obey the State whatever it commands.

It will be convenient to examine the possibility of such a conflict of allegiance from two points of view, and to consider the duty of the citizen first when the State is dealing with other States, secondly when it is dealing with internal questions. The relationship between Sovereign States themselves will be discussed next week. I will therefore confine myself to a bare outline of the problem. If the end of the State in relation to its neighbours is power, then clearly it is justified in taking any such measures as it thinks calculated to promote that power. No private citizen can comprehend that problem through his own judgment. Force has nothing to do with morality, and any means which promote that end of power are not justified (for they stand in no need of justification) but appropriate. Moral goodness has no place in the philosophy of power; nor any considerations of humanity. Such an extreme view would probably now find few open or unqualified supporters. Those who urge that a State is 'an end in itself' would not assert an indifference to humanity. They would rather claim that the State represents the highest possible form of organised human co-operation. The State is the supreme trustee for that particular association of civilisation, the nation, which it protects and fosters. In dealing with other States it is not unmindful of our common humanity, but has to recognise in the last resource that no arbiter is possible between State and State, as between individual and individual. War therefore on this theory marks the temporary suspensions of the duty towards other organised sections of humanity.

'My Country, Right or Wrong'?

Such advocates do not generally deny that a State should be governed in its international relationships by some kind of morality. This morality, however, is held to differ from that in force between individuals, and must be rather described as a code of convenience or prudence, always limited by the threat or use of force. It would be admitted that force should be used only for a just quarrel, but that the State must be the sole judge of whether it is just. Consequently the well-worn tag 'my country right or wrong' is really an appeal to support the State which has made the decision, whether the individual thinks it right or wrong.

What, then, is the duty of the individual? Is he to search his own conscience and decide for himself whether a war is just? He might, for example, declare that he would resist attack, or fight in defence of treaty engagements. Even this, however, is far from simple. Was the attack provoked by an unjust policy on the part of his country? Was the treaty itself one which should have been signed, had its full clauses and implications been made public? Were the conditions still the same as at the time of its signature? It is in fact obvious that any individual who thinks war justifiable at all, will meet with immense difficulties in deciding whether any particular war is or is not justifiable.

The position of the individual who objects to all war on principle seems much simpler. His duty, one would suppose, must be to refuse to obey a belligerent State. But such a bald statement is a false simplification of the problem. His course is by no means plain, as was proved between 1916 and 1918. No man can live in a State without supporting the use of force. His taxes go to keep up the police force and the armed forces of the crown. He may reply that he had no alternative, that he was born and bred in a State thus employing force, and that he could only escape by emigration into another organised in precisely the same way. This is true. It is also true, however, that he has consistently benefited by this very use of force which he condemns. His property has been protected from robbers, his person from assault, his country from the attack

of foreigners. He must realise, as an honest man, that no voluntary society wholly divorced from force is even conceivable. Consequently it seems impossible that any individual within a State can have a conscientious objection to force. He may at the most believe that it is his duty so to influence his fellows that force may gradually play an ever minor part in the State.

Can he, however, have a conscientious objection to that kind of force which we call war? As far as this country is concerned the question must be held to have received an affirmative answer. As everyone knows, Parliament recognised the conscientious objector by special provisions in the Conscription Act of 1916.

The State and the Conscientious Objector

But here we see a most illuminating example of the State's procedure. It first apparently removed the conscientious objector from its omniscience. It then proceeded to reassess that same omniscience over him. First it decided what conscientious objection to war was to mean; and then proceeded to enquire in the case of each individual as to whether his objection was in its opinion conscientious. Tribunals were set up to determine each particular case, and to assess the individual's conscience. He might be allotted combatant or non-combatant service, or work of national importance, or be wholly exempted according to the view taken as to the sincerity of his conscience. It is clear then that the State limited the objection to war to serving with the forces, or at the most to doing anything directly to help its prosecution. It was never suggested that a conscientious objector would be entitled to withhold such portion of his taxes as would be directed to war purposes. It would no doubt have been difficult to strike a proportion. But if such a claim had been made, it is quite certain that no exemption would have been granted by Parliament to any conscientious objector. It is interesting to note that in countries where conscription was in force before the War no such privilege has ever been granted to conscience, nor as far as I know ever seriously demanded.

The State's Object—to Preserve Society

We may now turn to the position of the State towards its subjects in matters unconnected with foreign relationships. We have seen that the authority of any constitutional State is at any given moment limited either by the constitution or by the rule of law. Consequently it might be held that if an individual is legally entitled to disobey the State he is also bound to do so. This no doubt is often the case. But it must be remembered that the prime object of the State is to preserve society. If therefore that society is at any moment in a danger which cannot be averted by existing legal powers, it is the duty of the executive to use any powers which may appear adequate to effect that end. *Salus populi suprema lex*. He who wills the end wills the means. In such a case it would be a pedantic absurdity for an individual to refuse obedience to such an illegal command, if its necessity were clear, and acknowledgment made to the supremacy of the law by the admission that a subsequent act of indemnity would be necessary. Such a discretion is inherent in the nature of the executive, and is recognised by all States. Sometimes, as in England, legal provision is made to arm the executive with exceptional powers in case of grave emergency. Even here, however, it has to be left to the executive to decide what constitutes the emergency. In every constitution, as Lamartine said, *'Il faut laisser quelque chose à la Providence'*. Not everything can be legally foreseen.

A much more difficult question arises if it be asked 'Ought the citizen to refuse to obey a command of the State legally expressed?' Hobbes solved the problem very brusquely. The command of the sovereign is law, to obey the law is to act rightly, to disobey is to act wrongly. 'The law is the public conscience'. If that position always corresponded with the facts, no dilemma could arise. If, on the other hand, an individual or association of individuals regards the commands of the State as contrary to a morality, which is believed to be

binding in virtue of a divine revelation of command, how is such a conflict of allegiance to be solved? This problem will no doubt be fully discussed in a later talk on Church and State.

I confess that history seems to show that there is no absolute solution of principle. Conflicts can be avoided only by the pursuing of councils of prudence and conciliation on either side. It seems impossible that the modern State will be disposed to give up one jot or tittle of its theoretical omniscience. But as I remarked in an earlier talk, experience shows that the less this claim is challenged the less it will be used in practice. Every State will in fact allow greater liberty both to individuals and to associations, in proportion as both are ready to acknowledge its supremacy without qualification. Tyranny and persecution generally arise from a fear of rivals and supplanters.

If the end which the State genuinely lays before it is the development of individuality, it cannot indeed abdicate from any of its authority, but it will so use its authority as to do nothing to interfere with the attainment of that end. Mill's famous work on Liberty seems to me to be wholly mistaken in supposing that there is a definite sphere of self-regarding actions into which the State can be forbidden on principle to enter. It must always be for the State to decide upon its own sphere. It may, however, lay down as its guide maxims of prudence, which may in fact coincide with such principles as Mill or other writers have enunciated. For example, a wise State will undoubtedly give as much scope as possible to liberty of opinion and its expression, without, however, denying that it is competent to interfere at any time with such liberty, as it may think fit. Similarly, while fully maintaining the power to regulate and suppress any association, it will probably in practice allow great freedom to such bodies. For it is clear that if individuality implies the widest possible development of all those human capacities which create a social harmony, it must conduce towards that end for all individuals and associations to have as rich and many-sided a life as possible.

Laws that Promote Morality

The condition of individuality, however, is a fair opportunity. Such a State must therefore do everything within its power to

provide such an opportunity. If so, it must know what it considers the good life to be and must act upon such knowledge in order to provide the opportunity. It must know the end before it can decide upon the means. It seems, therefore, that any State which sets the good life as its end must inevitably promote that morality which it believes to be conducive towards that end. This does not, of course, mean that it will lay down a comprehensive code of behaviour to which all the citizens must conform. That would manifestly be both impossible and calculated to destroy the very individuality which it is promoting. It does mean, however, that the State must insist upon such general principles of conduct as are necessary to provide its citizens with a fair opportunity for the good life. But the question will be asked, 'Can the State in so doing promote morality? Is it not simply laying down rules, which will be obeyed from respect, indifference, or fear? Is not the essence of morality the motive which promotes the act, the identification of the act with the individual's own will?' No doubt there is some force in this objection. On the other hand we must remember that this is the method by which children for the most part acquire their moral code. The child acquires his rules of conduct partly from fear, partly from respect for authority, and partly from his affection for and trust in his teachers. Later on he makes it his own, through the recognition that it harmonises with and is indeed the expression of his own will. 'We become virtuous by practising virtuous actions'.

Similarly, it is surely true that laws which were originally obeyed simply because they were the laws of the State came subsequently to be an outward expression of the inward will of all the citizens. It is probably true that wherever slavery was first abolished by law, that law was obeyed by many unwillingly and with a sense of injustice. Yet any suggestion of re-legalising slavery would now everywhere arouse the strongest moral condemnation. But it may well be doubted whether slavery would ever have been put outside the pale of morality if it had not been originally prohibited by law. Any State, therefore, which has a moral end is bound to aim at the promotion of morality. The extent to which it is successful will depend upon the means employed and upon the wisdom of those who direct it.

The Cinema

The Public and the Censor

By ALISTAIR COOKE

THIS week's topic is provoked by letters about the King Alexander assassination, letters about Mae West, about 'Universal' and 'Adult' certificates, about the barbarism of jungle pictures; letters about the beauty of naked bodies, about the need for a stricter censorship, about the need for no censorship at all, and so on. However clearly people feel on the subject, there's no doubting they all feel pretty strongly about it. I could save us all a lot of trouble by answering the letters directly and uncompromisingly from my own point of view. But, as I hinted once before, it is not my business to give private satisfaction to people who happen to agree with me. So I propose that instead of giving ticks and crosses to any of the official rulings, we should look first at the rules themselves, know what the present practice is, and then see what it tends to overlook. We are dealing not with the merits or failings of the British Board of Film Censors or the Motion Picture Code, but with the impulses in you and me that made somebody want to start a censorship in the first place.

Let us look at some of the rulings at both ends of the film business; that is to say, the rules made by Hollywood—or, What Not to Put In, and the rules made by the Censors—or What to Cut Out.

On March 31, 1930, the American Motion Picture Industry officially decided What Not to Put In. A Production Code was adopted and has been used ever since. But early this year, many Americans felt that the Production Code was being practically ignored and that the time had come to revise, or at least enforce, its rules of decency. More than any other public body the Roman Catholic Church crusaded throughout the United States, and a huge, nation-wide Legion of Decency

demanding that the film industry should make stricter rules for itself. The industry replied by taking down its Production Code, examining it, and declaring on July 15 this year a 're-avowal of purpose to adhere to this Code'. Very many movie officials saw for the first time in black and white a code they were supposed to be operating. This is it: It has three 'general principles'.

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

These principles are particularised under the headings, Crimes Against the Law; Sex; Vulgarity; Obscenity; Profanity; Costume; Dances; Religion; Locations; National Feelings; Titles; and Repellent Subjects.

Of the films sent over to be shown in this country, films that had apparently satisfied the Production Code, the British Board of Film Censors rejected some, and these are a few of the reasons: Offensive burlesque of the Marriage Service; comic suicides; extreme vulgarity and suggestiveness; cruelty to animals.

From this you might deduce that Hollywood and our Board of Censors had very different ideas of what it is to be suggestive, what it is to ridicule, what it is to be vulgar. But please don't make that deduction. It will profit none of us. And the last impression I want to give is that of trying to prod the film-makers and the film-censors into unprofitable

quarrels. On the contrary, I need to stress how patiently, and on the whole how well, the Motion Picture Code is worded, how carefully and reasonably the British Board of Film Censors does its work. I need to stress this belief because I hope shortly to show that what makes it impossible to have a wise universal censorship is no more than the natural inability of any group of men who don't know us to decide what is likely to harm you and me. I don't mean you and me as British citizens, or as two people in a crowd. I mean 'you' with your emotional history and 'me' with mine. The production code is pathetically aware of this and tries in many plucky little sentences to make up for the precise pomp of the main text. This, for example, under the heading of 'Sex'. 'Scenes of passion must be treated with an honest acknowledgment of human nature and its normal reactions'. 'Honest acknowledgment of human nature' is hardly a phrase that should find itself in a legal document. And all through the Code you will find similar occasions when the man who is laying down the law seems to be peeping over his lectern to let you know that he would willingly shake your hand if only the law would let him. But this is the irritant that few of my correspondents are willing to admit.

A code of censorship can only be justified as part of a legal system. And the law appears to be twice as heartless as usual, not through any fault of its own, but because it is here trying to set up a moral censorship of *entertainment*. And the public is angry because it wants to have the best of two worlds—the legal and the human. If you want your pictures censored at all you mustn't mind if the censors make what to you appear gross errors of judgment. You can't have it both ways. When a defendant leaves a court, complaining that the jury didn't understand him, he is mixing up the function of a legal body with that of his closest friend.

But supposing now you *don't* admit that the censor's legal obligations are binding, I say paralysing. Let us start all over again and set up a censorship on our own account. Supposing there were no censor and you were asked to collect a few friends, form a board and put down in writing a method of defining whether a film is vulgar or realistic, moral or immoral, whether its effect is that of a stimulant or an emetic. It is now that you begin to know just how cold and lonely the censor's position can be. For scarcely two people in twenty will agree about what any one of those words means. In the end you will have to write down more fundamental principles than you had bargained for. You and your friends will have to do nothing short of saying why a good film is good and a bad film is bad. And then you are faced with an old quarrel that has been going on for at least thousands of years—the quarrel about art and morality.

In the second part of the Production Code, which is known as 'Reasons Supporting a Code', we find the simple, undeniable remark: 'Theatrical motion pictures—that is, pictures intended for the theatre, as distinct from pictures intended for churches, schools, lecture halls, educational movements, social reform movements, etc., are primarily to be regarded as entertainment.'

But already, a few sentences later, the Code says: 'A man may be judged by his standard of entertainment as easily as by the standard of his work'.

And in the second paragraph it is reduced to saying something very like what we should have to write, namely: 'Art enters intimately into the lives of human beings. Art can be morally good, lifting men to higher levels'.

That sounds a simple enough remark, one you can agree or disagree with and know clearly what you mean. Well, let's look at it. Just how easy is it to know when a book or a film is being morally good or bad?

If it is true that good art, that is good books and good films, 'lift men', as the Code says, 'to higher levels', how is it that many wretched people read excellent literature and see excellent films and many excellent people read wretchedly bad literature? The Victorians believed this was the main reason for having art at all; and they all generally agreed that Shakespeare and Fielding and Rabelais were excellent artists. But, at the same time, you could trust them not to leave any of those masterpieces about on the drawing-room table, with the possible exception of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'.

Begin by saying that a good book or a good film may, if you like, lift you to a higher *notion* of good. It may leave you with a state of mind that is saner—that is, more true to the facts—

than the one you had before. But—and this, I suggest, was the Victorian mistake—reading that good book, seeing that good film, is no recipe for putting the state of mind into action. To do that you would have to have a character as strong and delicate as the state of mind you had felt. To have this sense of fact and then to live by it, and by *it* only, would be about the neatest trick of the century and happens, I suppose, just so often.

Well, then, says half of your committee, feeling fairly discouraged by now, let's drop this moral attitude and begin again less pompously by saying, 'Art does you no good at all, but it gives you pleasure'. Unless you go on quickly to explain that remark you are in danger of another, and a messier, confusion.

All right, a film gives you pleasure. But pleasure is a mixed satisfaction. And different people want that pleasure to stand for different things . . . by 'stand for' I mean to satisfy some wants they know they have and others they don't. And the danger of judging what pleases other people is that we tend to transfer to their pleasures our own quick, simple judgment of them. In this way: when we see a cat licking milk and practically suffocating with pleasure because it will insist on purring at the same time, we feel very protective, very like our uncle. We say, 'What a simple pleasure!' Now the only thing that is simple about it is the simplicity of our content in watching it. The pleasure the cat undoubtedly feels is a very complicated thing—the milk stands for sterner things than a purr. It stands, for instance, for keeping its body going; it stands for that cat's ability to jump ridiculous heights in an emergency, even, in a tight corner, to scratch your eyes out. In the same way, when you next see your neighbour sitting snugly in the corner of a railway carriage, or next you at the movies, smiling so very gently over a casual sentence or a casual gesture—remember that complex and terrible things may be going on inside him. His taste for this author or that actress may be his best private reason for not throwing up his job or taking to drink. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse or Greta Garbo may be responsible for many a man's not divorcing his wife; they may also be responsible for some inmates in mental homes. We don't know. There are yet no means of registering the whole effect on a man's mind—on a woman's either, for that matter—of any little pleasure he feels. But, to certain natural events there is a mass-reaction—to explosions, say, and Greta Garbo. These reactions are not *all* that any one of us feels, but they are the one sensation we all feel—the lowest common denominator. Yet these moments when we feel like everybody else are not the most valuable or characteristic moments of any of us. Unfortunately, to try and be fair to everybody, the Censor has to guess—he doesn't even know—the moment in a film when most of us would feel wicked and elated at the same time, and then see that we are not given that moment. And having no accurate gauge of realism, your censorship committee would have to ban everything that might be real enough to hurt a lot of people. Is it any wonder, then, that the film industry knows it safer to make mostly sentimental films? Because the censorship cannot do anything about sentimentality.

Yet a sentimental film may be much more immoral than a merely vicious one. Because a sentimental film puts a pillow—a pink and fluffy one—between you and reality. It encourages you to believe that virtuous people are also the wisest, that a man's best friend is his mother, that the harder you work the more money you will have, that when people are no longer in love they become good friends, that marriage is a passive condition of uneventful bliss, and so on. And so ninety-nine out of every hundred of us go to the cinema to lose ourselves in a world we should like to think was like the outside world and which more and more, unless we are very clear-minded, we begin to mix up *with* the outside world. And there is the hopeless crux. It is merely one man's opinion what *is* the real world and what *is* the fantasy world. The censors have to pretend to know. And they have to go on to pretend to know which untruth, in a scene or a line of dialogue, will hurt you more than your uncle, less than your daughter.

I hope I have shown that nobody can know what is immoral or harmful for even one other person. So there can be no remotely perfect censorship. Be thankful, then, that you are not the censor. If you are, the best you can do is, when in doubt let a film through and then leave us all our one private right of censorship—namely, the right to stay away.

Morality Old and New

The Modern Revolt

By the Rev. HUGH MARTIN

The first talk in a new series by The Rev. Hugh Martin, a prominent leader in the Baptist Ministry and the Student Christian Movement

TO some extent every generation rebels against the standards of its fathers and grandfathers. The revolt of youth is as old as history; and it is nothing to be alarmed at. Indeed, it is only through such a revolt; such a questioning of accepted standards, that progress can come at all in any realm of life. This is probably just as true in the realm of morals as it is elsewhere.

But few of us would question that the present situation reflects more than this normal questioning. Recent years have seen a more widespread and a more searching criticism of customary moral beliefs and practices than can be accounted for by the natural impatience of one generation with the dulness of its predecessor.

A Slackening of Moral Restraint

The revolt against moral convention had begun before the War, but the War certainly stimulated it. The removal of the youth of the nation—to a large extent the women as well as the men—from the ordinary ways of life, and the plunging of them into new environments away from the normal restraints of home and society, was bound to upset traditional behaviour. That would have been true whatever the cause of the upheaval. But war has always meant, and must mean in its very nature, a slackening of moral restraint. Post-War days brought us a very understandable mood of feverish dissipation. People were desperately tired and there was a reaction after the strain. We were in a very disillusioned frame of mind. We had been told to look forward to a 'new world' after the War, to a land fit for heroes. Everything was to be reconstructed; we even had a Ministry for the purpose. But when the captains and the kings departed and the Prime Ministers and the Presidents were silent, we saw a world much like the old one—only rather worse. We felt we had been tricked by high-sounding phrases. Idealism became a laughing-stock. It seemed all tinsel and plaster-of-paris. Small wonder we became cynics. 'What's the good of anything?' we cried. 'Let's forget it and have a good time!'

That mood has passed. The present generation have shaken themselves free from the worst of that mania of sex and jazz, of drink and drugs. They are wiser and calmer than those of us who had our world knocked topsy-turvy and all our gods blasphemed and dethroned. But they have not returned to the pre-War attitude to life. And that, in my opinion, at any rate, is a very good thing.

I am sure the 'new psychology' also had something to do with the upsetting of moral standards. Without attempting now to discuss its real value and meaning, there is no doubt that, as popularly interpreted, it seemed to give a scientific sanction to the attractive idea that the instincts could not, and indeed ought not, to be controlled. Doubtless, in part, the revolt against the old morality was just an outburst of sheer selfishness on the part of men who made a pretext of the new psychology or of any other excuse they could find. People who had nothing much to express but primitive lusts clamoured for 'self-expression', as they called it. In plain English, they didn't see why they should not do just as they jolly well liked. Some stand unblushingly for the cult of pleasure or for what seem to them more virile virtues than those favoured by the tame old conventions. It would be silly to dignify the objections of many to traditional morality by suggesting that they are based upon any very profound reasons. It is just the old Adam, primitive man re-emerging. To flout the conventions is not necessarily a sign of moral progress or fundamental thinking.

Morality or Irrational Taboo?

But it is impossible to dismiss the whole question in such an easy way. For the new factor, and the startling factor, in the present situation is the extent to which reasonable and healthy-minded people are challenging the old morality. The protest today—or the protest that matters—is one that is

seriously and sincerely made on the ground that the old morality imposes undesirable restraints upon freedom and fulness of life, that it cramps personality in the interests of abstract rules. It is maintained that much that has passed for morality is, in fact, only a set of irrational taboos.

Many serious volumes of criticism and attack upon Christian morality have been published in recent years. In fiction and drama there has been a good deal of direct assault upon the old moral standards. But even more remarkable and insidious in their effects are the silent assumptions of novel and stage. Married infidelity and sexual looseness are frequently treated as mere matters of course, subjects for laughter or for romantic admiration. One has to go back to Restoration days to find a parallel. In other realms of conduct, idealism does not seem to count for much. In business life money-making is still regarded as an obvious and praiseworthy ambition. In international relations we still have the war mind and immense armaments after we have all solemnly promised never to fight again.

Small wonder that many more who would not outspokenly attack the Christian moral standard are genuinely bewildered. Not so long ago there was an accepted code of moral behaviour, which nearly everybody acknowledged as right. The rules might be broken and frequently were, but it was with a sense of guilt or of bravado. Today, some break the rules conscientiously. Others are uncertain as to what the rules are—or, indeed, if there are or can be any rules at all. We have arrived in some quarters at a state of moral anarchy. It is not exhortation to be good that men need today, so much as help to see what the good is; and then, of course, as always, power to do it. But first they need to know what it is.

Perhaps the collapse has been largely due to the attempt to separate morals from religion. For some time Christian ethics stood unchallenged while men poured scorn on Christian doctrines. But with the fading of belief in God, belief in any moral standard disconcertingly faded, too. For, as we shall see, belief and conduct are inseparably bound up together, and if ever we are to find a moral basis for life again, it will be because we have found a faith which we can hold and which can hold us.

Misreading of the Christian Ideal

It is true that the active revolt, so far as it has gone, has not been altogether a success. The freedom and happiness promised to the rebels hardly seem to have materialised. Many of the novels and autobiographies that reflect the views of these revolutionaries now mirror cynicism and disillusionment and boredom. The world has not noticeably become any happier or more free. There is no very successful rival to the old morality yet in the field. Yet I am sure we ought to treat the challenge seriously and with respect, for in some of its aspects, at any rate, I believe the revolt is justified. Mrs. Grundy cannot be accepted as an exponent of Christian morality. A good many restrictions that have passed for Christian morals were, in fact, irrational taboos—and we may as well admit it. There has been, and in some quarters still is, an absurd and harsh attitude to harmless amusements. Too much of the teaching of the churches has consisted of negative exhortations. A good deal of the trouble is due, I believe, to a misreading by the churches or by the rebels, or by both, of what the Christian ideal really is. It will do us all good to be forced to think again about what we mean by goodness and what rules of conduct, if any, should be laid down. It is no use merely quoting texts or appealing to tradition. Morality must justify itself at the bar of human reason, and in face of present circumstances so few of us have readjusted our thinking to the new world in which we are living.

There seems to me to be a pathetic cleavage between the generations at this point. Those who lived through the War bear indelibly upon their spirits, if not on their bodies, the marks of their cruel experiences. They are a lonely generation.

The present set of young people seem to me rather bewildered. Many of them are far from attracted by the extravagances of the post-War folk, but find it difficult to give any reason for their attitude. They are out of touch with their elders and distressed because their pastors and masters seem to speak so irrelevantly to life as they know it today. Their moral teachers are talking a different language, or, to vary the metaphor, they are found desperately defending a fortress in ignorance that the main battle line has long since swept past them. They are not speaking to the real situation.

Morality, I said, must justify itself at the bar of human reason and in face of present circumstances. I believe it can. And I believe it is very necessary that it should. We are in a desperate plight unless we can discover a morality in which we can believe. Otherwise society will disintegrate, as it shows signs of doing. The great achievements of our present social order, lamentably defective as it is, were hardly won. If selfish passions are allowed to rule, they will destroy society, as

societies have been destroyed before. For the future of society and for the future of religion, this is a crucial issue, perhaps at the moment the most crucial issue of all. Can Christian ethics justify themselves at the bar of reason and conscience? Can they be demonstrated as livable in real life?

In the succeeding talks of this series I hope to discuss first of all the reasons for having a moral code and the principle upon which it ought to be constructed; to answer, that is, the questions: 'What is goodness?' 'And why should we be good?' Then I wish to discuss the relation between morals and religion, and, in particular, the Christian religion. The last two of my talks will be devoted to the most difficult and hotly contested moral question of today—the relation of the sexes, including the case for monogamous marriage and some of the alternatives to it which are being advocated. However little I may succeed in dealing satisfactorily with these issues, I think you will all agree with me that they are vital and living questions and need discussion.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Animal Allies

WE KNOW THAT the great discovery of evolution was that all Life is one, but we often think that that discovery was spoilt by the other discovery that all life is blind struggle in which everyone's hand is and must be against his fellow. Here, then, is some of the latest news about how life actually carries on. It is important, because as we think life as a whole behaves, so we shall feel it is natural we should behave to each other. First then about some of our animal allies. Lately we have discovered still more of these invaluable supporters. The most remarkable, I think, of these latest recruits is the toad—a creature for which we have always had a strong distaste, even maligning it by saying it is venomous. The toad, instead of distributing venom, has turned up as a rescuer of sweetness, for the largest of the toads has lately saved the sugar crop of Porto Rico from destruction. It was found that a grub was destroying the plantations. Men tried in vain to pick away these pests by hand. Then an entomologist suggested trying the largest of the toads. Though the toad can hardly be called a sleuth it stuck to its job so thoroughly that the grub became a rarity and the sugar industry was saved. But after all this is only a case of man setting a devourer to catch a devourer and himself being cunning enough to benefit by a reptile's voracity. Man is simply exploiting the struggle to survive. And much the same has been said about an animal which does not guard our sweets but actually manufactures them. It has been pointed out often that we simply exploit that blind mechanic, the bee. It is no ally, but only a dupe of ours. There can never be any real relation between bee and man, for the individual bee isn't an individual. It is only an interchangeable standardised part of the machinery of that honey distillery we call a hive. Still, even here we have probably overdrawn this picture of the bee as a creature without personal mood, temperament or character. At least that is how this piece of news strikes me. It seems to suggest that even bees may be a little more like us than we have thought. Expert bee students have now shown that bees have a maximum stinging age, a time when they will go for you much more probably than at any other. And that time is when the bee reaches the end of its domestic duties—that appalling, incessant rush of work in the crowded, close hive—and is just about to go off on its next stage of duties, the out-of-door collecting of nectar from the flowers—a job which, however strenuous, must be less nerve-racking than work in the hive. That does look as though the bee, after all, is more human than we have thought: liable to that human weakness of overstrained nerves and irritability. Next time one is stung that thought may check one's anger. At least we share a weakness. But do we share with animals anything else? Surely there is no co-operative spirit among animals nor any real kinship among beasts? Listen to the latest news about the howler monkeys. A careful study of these vociferous little fellows has lately been made and a remarkable social state has been discovered among them. It looks as though these groups of howlers live without a dictator, at peace with each other, not quarrelling over food or room. That, however, may only be immediate self-interest. But, further, they are found to show real kindness, a sense of kinship which self-interest does not dictate, for not only do

they co-operate in defence, they actually take care of the infirm and even of the old. That looks as though the law of the jungle after all need not be the bloodthirsty thing we assumed. Of course, however surprising this is, this 'humaneness' is only within a species. Outside the species there is no general law. We must, however, remember that most animals do not attack each other unless provoked. The law of life seems to be much more: 'You mind your business and I'll mind mine', than: 'Your life or my life'.

GERALD HEARD

Cameos and Contexts

WHEN ANY GREAT COMPOSER is actually presented, as a normal part of his life's work, with the problem of stating a simple melody in harmonies of extreme distinction, he will state it with extreme distinction; but you are not going to get a dramatist to devote volumes of his poetry to accumulating poems of a few stanzas in quite simple forms of verse of which the chief interest is just simply the gorgeous language; and if your composer is a person of eminently dramatic range the chance that he will ever have the opportunity of accumulating such jewels of harmony becomes more and more remote. Moreover, the supremely beautiful and startling things that are said by the very greatest poets—the most jewelled and wonderful phrases—the things that concentrate a life-time of experience into a very few words—are by no means always, or even often, things that are very impressive outside their context. If I were asked to quote the most impressive harmonies off-hand that I could remember in classical music I should probably arrive—if I could remember it—at the last line of Bach's setting of 'O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde gross' ('O man, bewail thy great sin')—for organ. That is very wonderful even if you don't give the large design itself, but merely a sort of cameo. But it is idle to compare it with the supremely dramatic things—the supreme harmonic strokes of genius that happen in dramatic music, because that is contemplative music and it is at leisure to think of the Trinity and sing of all the mysteries of the Redemption, whereas dramatic music has to consider how and when something perfectly definite happens.

Well, you can have all the most dramatic music and dramatic poetry expressions, which are very gorgeous in themselves. There is no doubt that the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth is one of the supreme achievements in drama, and there is no doubt that the language in which the poor distracted dreamer refers to the stain of blood upon her hand—'All the perfumes of Arabia', and so on—is dramatic as well as in highly coloured poetic contrast with—

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

But I am not so sure that the half-delirium of the sleep-walker is anything like as impressive as the most colourless words that you could possibly put on to paper. I think the three words: 'Undo this button', uttered by the dying King Lear, are actually, as a dramatic experience, far more shattering in their emotional

shock. You can think that over: you can just think too, how utterly incapable they are of affecting anything outside their context, and how utterly incapable any more poetic expression would be of affecting anything in that place.

In the same way, there are the things that happen in music: surely most of the great things—the great harmonic things that happen in the works of a composer like Beethoven—are not of the order that can happen when thought is relaxed, when you have a dreamer, or when you have a person at leisure to fancy, or with the leisure to roam. They are things of which Fate is in control—and has been in control from the beginning of the drama to the end.

DR. D. F. TOVEY

Science and the Christian

THERE IS NOTHING that seems to me so undignified and stupid as the way in which Christian apologists hang around the table of the scientists, and scramble for any crumbs of spiritual comfort that they may let fall. To argue that because Sir James Jeans hints, at the end of a book about the stars, that God may be something like a mathematician, therefore, Sir James Jeans can be quoted in support of the Apostles' Creed, is ridiculous. There is very little nourishment in most of these crumbs. What we are entitled to say is that much of the best science of our time leaves the door open for the Christian and sometimes even invites him to go through that door and explore what lies beyond it—a realm which the scientist himself does not feel capable of exploring because he hasn't the necessary equipment. It is for us to accept that invitation.

There's plenty of trouble for which we can't be held responsible, but it's never found on its own. The answer to it is there as well. That's a big claim but I'm sure of it. The dock leaf grows alongside the nettle. If we found fever, we also found quinine. If we found diabetes we also found insulin. Leprosy is a horrible disease, but Sir Leonard Rogers discovered that the Chaulmoogra oil, which the poor leper in his ignorance rubbed into his sores, contains the very properties which can arrest that disease and one day will conquer it. I'm sure God has provided the answer even to tuberculosis and cancer. It's here already. The promise of Jesus, 'Seek and ye shall find', is the faith in which medical research will discover it. The same principle applies to what are somewhat sardonically called 'Acts of God'. Most people would say that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are altogether outside our power to avert or control, but surely such a fatalism is unworthy of us. Our fathers put floods alongside earthquakes: we don't, because science has taught us first how to understand them and then to set to work to master them. I know this is dangerous ground but I'm prepared to believe that there is an answer in the plan of God even to earthquakes—we already begin to understand them and that's always the first step. It will be a long and painful journey but we'll get there if our faith is big enough.

DONALD O. SOPER

Lord Buckmaster

Broadcast on December 5

AS THE ONLY surviving ex-Lord Chancellor, it is my privilege to say a few words of appreciation and sorrow at the passing of Lord Buckmaster. You will read in your papers, in the obituary notices, the story of his public life; how from humble origin he raised himself by his own talents to the foremost place at the Chancery Bar—of his nine years as Liberal M.P., half of them as a Law Officer of the Crown; of his Lord Chancellorship in Mr. Asquith's Government in 1915-16; and of his long service in the House of Lords since his retirement from that position.

I would wish rather to show you something of his character and personality. I think the outstanding feature in Lord Buckmaster was his devoted championship of the oppressed. Any case of injustice, any instance of cruelty to man or beast, roused in him a passionate resentment, and a moving determination to right the wrong. He was utterly without fear, and completely careless of any personal consequences to himself. He was absolutely sincere in all that he said or did. No hope was too forlorn, and no cause was too humble to enlist Lord Buckmaster's help if once he was convinced that injustice was being done. He brought to the aid of any cause which he espoused, talents of no mean order. He was by common consent the most brilliant orator in the House of Lords, where the standard of debate is not a low one. He had a great command of language, and he

spoke with a force and inspiration which brought conviction to the hearts as well as to the intellects of his audience. It was, perhaps, his love of justice that made him willing for nearly seventeen years voluntarily to devote his time and his energies to the judicial work of the Privy Council and of the House of Lords. In the long list of great English Judges, he will hold a high place. He was quick to seize a point, but never let his attention relax, and he was insistent that any tribunal over which he presided should concentrate their minds on the real issue in the case.

He expected from those who worked with him the same close attention and quick perception which he himself possessed, and he was apt to be impatient of anything like slackness or indecision, but he was the first to admit himself in the wrong if he was convinced he had made a mistake, and he was generous in his appreciation of helpful collaboration. He was always ready with his help and sympathy in any difficulty, and he never shirked a duty, or failed a friend.

By the passing of Lord Buckmaster, the House of Lords loses one of its outstanding figures, the judicial Bench is deprived of a valued member; and those who knew and loved him mourn a delightful companion and a generous and inspiring spirit.

LORD HAILSHAM

Curing Disease through Research

THE LAY PERSON who has not seen the cells of the human body under the magnifying power of the microscope can scarcely realise the fascination of this subject. The cells of the body are of all shapes, size and arrangement in close correspondence with their various functions. If you think of it for a moment you will realise that the cells of the skin require to be flat and strong; the cells that make up muscles need to be long and able to stretch and contract, the cells in the wall of the stomach specially designed for the digestion of food, and so on.

Even more amazing is the behaviour of those cells under the influence of disease. Those who imagine that all diseases have similar causes need only look at a few sections of the organs of the body to discover that many different diseases call forth a totally different cell reaction. Surgeons are constantly wanting to know whether a tumour they have removed is a cancer or not, whether they would be better to remove more of a certain diseased organ or not and so on. In the laboratory we put small pieces of these tissues through a variety of processes which enable us to cut an exceedingly thin slice. This is placed on a glass slide and stained with dyes which show up the details of the human cells and by the appearance of these we can say what disease has been going on in the patient.

Sometimes pathologists may run a risk of disease or even death, just as men in more arduous endeavours do. You must remember that we may have to deal with such microbes as the typhoid bacillus which causes enteric fever, the tubercle bacillus which causes tuberculosis in all its forms, the diphtheria bacillus, the organisms causing meningitis or even such dangerous germs as the bacilli of plague and anthrax.

A recent example, fortunately not fatal, illustrates a number of points about research work. A well-known scientist in this country had a mysterious illness from which he made a complete recovery and went out to America to do some special research. He suggested to some American workers that they should experiment with the disease called Louping-ill which infects only sheep. A few weeks after the start of these experiments three people were ill with most mysterious complaints which no one could diagnose. The English scientist remembered that before his own illness he had done some experiments with this disease and by means of blood tests was able to show that these three men were suffering from Louping-ill and that he must also have had it. The most interesting point was that no case of this disease had ever before been found in a human being; and the discovery that it could infect man as well as sheep has started many new experiments.

DR. D. STARK MURRAY

Party Fusion in South Africa

Broadcast on December 5

BEFORE THE BRITISH conquered the Cape in 1800, isolation had already made of the Afrikaners a nation with new traditions—a new outlook—and even a new language. Perhaps you don't realise that their Republican tradition is not just an anti-British sentiment, because the Colonists were even then already in

revolt against the imperialism of their own Mother Country. The coming of the British brought complications. Opposition to imperialism became confused with distrust of another race. Any mistake which the British made looked to the Boers like an evil intention. Any generosity looked like bribery, and one of the nastiest features of South African politics then and always has been, that to appreciate anything decent in the other chap was to brand yourself as a renegade. Progressive laws and measures introduced by an aloof bureaucracy were only too often regarded as attacks on personal liberties.

Besides the Boers' conservatism, there was the fact that wherever the Boer went, sooner or later the British flag followed him. Nor did the English quite understand the Boer's attachment to his own language. His pride was offended, for instance, when English became the only official language. You Englishmen will understand that that is only natural. I am Afrikaan, by the way.

Then came the Boer War. In the hour of defeat came a wave of national revival. Language and literature now became the basis of politics themselves. Then, in 1910, the four Colonies became the Union of South Africa. The complete equality of both races was laid down, and that seemed to be a final reconciliation. But again there was misunderstanding. Victors don't easily shed their assurance, nor the vanquished their sense of defeat. Friction even invaded the predominantly Afrikaaner Cabinet, mainly because there were practical difficulties in working the Constitution. Also, Hertzog thought Botha was too concerned about British sentiment and didn't care enough about Afrikaaner equality. That is what finally drove Hertzog into opposition.

I wonder if you English can realise how bitter politics were

for us in and after the great War: so bitter, that the Church was threatened with a split, that no Nationalist father would welcome a South African Party son-in-law; that a Smuts man could hardly give hospitality to a Hertzog man. You see, there are so few of us and our policies are very personal.

Well then, Hertzog came into power in 1924. He had often been accused of republicanism, and people were even afraid of civil war. Nothing happened, except a last burst of race hatred. Before the pendulum came to rest, it had to swing to the other extreme.

Meanwhile, two Imperial Conferences tackled the whole problem of imperial relations. The Statute of Westminster confirmed everything Hertzog had claimed, and made the British Commonwealth of Nations acceptable also to people not of British stock, for it has every regard for our aspirations. After that, things moved swiftly—the people themselves realised that there was nothing left to quarrel about. In January, 1932, Hertzog and Smuts fought their last duel in the House. Within a fortnight they were discussing coalition, within a few months they shared the Government Benches. Yet a few months later, and the country was clamouring for Party Fusion in the place of mere coalition. Here and there a Smuts die-hard called for a red-coat garrison; or a small band of Nationalist irreconcilables flung the well-known taunt of renegacy at Hertzog.

Today, the National and the South African Parties ceased to exist. Tomorrow, one united National South African Party, with three-quarters of all the people behind it, sets out with a common ideal and a common programme. Even the two languages are now 'our' languages. It is spontaneous reconciliation, not a mere bargain.

P. BRUCHHAUSEN

Post Office Posters



The first of a series of new posters designed for the G.P.O.

Top left: Relay carrying the King's messages, 1482.
Bottom left: Loading mails at the Docks in London, 1934.

Top right: Mails for the packets arriving at Falmouth, 1833.
Bottom right: Loading air mails for the Empire, Croydon, 1934.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

The Five-day Week

In your leading article on the five-day week you point out that the present moment is propitious for discussing conditions of employment and the possibility of setting more people to work. This is not only on general grounds, but because Sir Richard Redmayne has reported that the five-day week adopted by Messrs. Boots at their Nottingham factories is 'an unqualified success'. The factory hours were reduced from 47½ to 42½ per week, or by 10 per cent., but the output fell off only 1.6 per cent., and it was not necessary to increase the staff. Again, Messrs. Rowntree, when they reduced the hours of work in their cocoa and chocolate factory from 48 to 44 a week, likewise found that output was substantially maintained, and that no more workers had to be taken on. Both the industries mentioned depend mainly on hand work, but, as you point out in your article, industries where machinery does most of the work, and where the human factor is less important, depend for their output on the time for which the machinery is kept in use. A reduction in hours of work may therefore lead to a proportionate reduction of output, and it will be necessary to increase the number of workers if output is to be maintained. It might be thought that unemployment would thereby be diminished, but unfortunately it is much more likely to be increased. Owing to the fall of output and the rise of overhead charges which increase almost in proportion to the reduction in hours of work, the cost of the articles produced becomes greater, and this leads to their diminished sale, especially if they are competing against similar goods made in foreign countries. In order to reduce costs of production it is most important to lower overhead charges, which frequently exceed the cost of wages and salaries. Such a reduction can be best effected by adopting a shift system. Shifts for men are subject to no legal limitations, while women are allowed to work on two shifts, between the hours of 6 a.m. and 10 p.m., by Home Office permit. They usually work from 6 to 2 and 2 to 10, with a half-hour meal break in each shift, and as there is no Saturday afternoon shift it means that they work for 45 and 37½ hours in alternate weeks. The factory plant is therefore kept running for 82½ hours a week, and overhead charges are so much reduced that it is possible to pay full wages for a working week which averages only 41½ hours. Probably the majority of the employers who have introduced the system in their factories do pay these wages, and it is found that most of the women concerned, once they have settled down to the change of habits which the system involves, prefer it to the usual 47- or 48-hour week, especially because of the extra leisure. But it must be admitted that the system, in addition to its manifest advantages, has certain disadvantages. I have discussed the evidence at length in my book on *The Shorter Working Week*.

London, S.W.11

H. M. VERNON

The Indian Rope Trick

There have been two previous photographs of the Rope Trick within recent years, both fully as convincing as those published in your correspondence columns last week. Capt. Holmes, V.C., showed the first of them to a meeting of the Magic Circle some fifteen years ago. I pointed out at the time that it was not a rope, but a bamboo, and that the trick of spread-eagling himself on the top of a bamboo pole was the common feat of the Hindu boy acrobat. Mr. Sydney Clarke, who I think was in the Chair, called Capt. Holmes up, and when I pointed out to him the knots in the bamboo, he admitted before Mr. Clarke that it was a bamboo pole and not a rope at all.

In May, 1934, a Cheltenham paper published what was claimed to be a photograph of the genuine Rope Trick performed by a local conjurer and a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians which was holding its annual meeting at Cheltenham. The Occult Committee of the Magic Circle took this matter up, and it was at once admitted that the photograph was a leg-pull at the expense of the local pressmen. The rope, which appeared to be standing up in miraculous fashion and which was being gazed at by a wondering circle of onlookers, was in reality

suspended from a wire between two trees. The wire was invisible in the photograph. The International Society of Magicians repudiated, as so responsible a society naturally would, all claim that the photograph was anything but a joke and was, I understand, annoyed that its name should have been so publicly brought into it. In spite of all this, both these photographs have recently had wide circulation and have been sent to me from different parts of the world as proofs of the genuineness of the Rope Trick. My Committee's offer of five hundred guineas to anyone who will perform the genuine Rope Trick still stands, and is as open to the authors of the photograph you publish as it is to anyone else. My Committee has investigated a number of claims by those who say they have seen the Rope Trick. In every single case the evidence breaks down under cross-examination. After many years of investigation we have published our firm conviction that there is no proof that this trick ever has been done. We don't believe it ever will be.

London, W. 1

R. H. ELLIOT

Chairman of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle

When I was a child, my father was stationed in a small place in Bengal on the banks of the Ganges. Our bungalow was surrounded by an enclosed piece of ground known as a compound. Into this, one day, entered a native conjurer accompanied by a boy. Having as usual obtained our consent to his showing some of his tricks, he proceeded to perform that always mystifying one of causing a young mango-tree to sprout from a stone of the fruit, and grow before our eyes to a height of some 8 or 9 inches.

Then came his *pièce de résistance*. I have said that I was a child at the time—actually about 11 years old—and my recollection of details is a little blurred, but the photographs which appeared in THE LISTENER of last week brought back the scene vividly. The juggler threw a rope into the air, where it remained. He said a few words to the boy, who proceeded to climb up the rope. Having reached the top, while we were looking at him, he disappeared. A moment or two later, I saw him coming towards us through an avenue of cork-trees, which was a feature of our compound. My immediate reaction to the occurrence was rather one of intense interest than of the overwhelming wonder which an adult would feel. I have no theories to account for the illusion, if, illusion it was, I can only recount an event which made an indelible impression on my mind, and leave to sceptics the task of explaining the, to me, inexplicable.

Wimbledon

FRANCES L. ODHAMS

Causes of War

Does W. Addison of Deal really believe that armaments are necessary 'unless we wish deliberately to betray the Deity'? I wonder how many people are sincere when on Armistice Day they sing, 'Sufficient is Thine arm alone and our defence is sure'? If they sincerely believe this, they cannot put their faith in armaments, but must use the methods of peace which Christ advocated. May I point out that it is 'downright nonsense' to draw a parallel between armaments and the police? The latter give security, armaments do not. As Mr. A. A. Milne has put it, in *Peace with Honour*, 'All that the policeman does is to force the offender to submit to trial by somebody else. But an armed nation, however defensively acting, acts in the combined roles of householder, policeman, judge and burglar. It is invaded . . . arrests the invader . . . sentences him . . . and then picks his pockets'.

New Cross

RONALD S. MALLONI

In his recent broadcast on 'Causes of War', Mr. Cole contends that the only way to organise the world for peace is to substitute a Socialist system for that under which we live. He insists on the necessity of preventing the export of munitions of war, though he admits that it is practically impossible to do so, except in their finished state. This is evident from the fact that even the constituents of explosives form the indispensable necessities of agriculture and industry. In fact, his remedy does

not differ greatly from our present practice of only permitting export under licence. Were this practice made general, and all such exports registered with the League of Nations, it is doubtful whether any Socialist system could better it. On the contrary, in the three countries where the Socialist system of national control has been adopted, war preparations have been intensified and no ban on the export of munitions forms any part of their policy though it may be necessitated by the Treaty of Versailles in the case of Germany. To nationalise trade under Socialism seems the worst way of ensuring peace.

Haslemere

W. P. HUME (Lieut.-Colonel)

For and Against Modern Architecture

I notice that Sir Reginald Blomfield, in his broadcast talk published in *THE LISTENER* of November 28, implies that the slogan 'Efficiency equals Beauty', is the basis of the teaching of the Architectural Association. I have been in the closest touch with the Association for the last fifteen years, but Sir Reginald's visits have been sadly rare. If he knew us better he would not repeat such an old wives' tale. Does he really think that we teach that a saucepan or a set of false teeth is beautiful if it efficiently serves its purpose? Or is it only Pretty Fanny's Way? May I add that an Exhibition of the work of students of the Architectural Association School, to be entitled '1935', will be opened by Mr. Gerald Heard at the Building Centre, 158, New Bond Street, on January 3? Sir Reginald, as an old friend of the Association and a present member of our Advisory Council, will receive an invitation to attend, and we shall greatly hope to have the pleasure of explaining to him the true principles and theories of modern architecture.

London, W.C. 1

HUMPHREY PAKINGTON

President, Architectural Association

In his broadcast as reported in your issue of November 28, Sir Reginald Blomfield, commenting on the fact that his recent book *Modernism* was unfavourably reviewed by most critics, picks out for special mention your own reviewer, Mr. Baty, and myself—'names, by the way', he continues, 'rather suggestive of their critical attitude'. My preparatory school days are not so far behind me that I cannot see the point where Mr. Baty is concerned; but when it comes to my own name, I confess I am puzzled. Whatever one may think of this method of combating serious criticism, one is surely entitled to ask that that point be made clear. Will not Sir Reginald Blomfield explain?

Hampstead

G. M. BOMPHREY

May I enter a short word of protest against the method of criticism that Sir Reginald Blomfield saw fit to use in *THE LISTENER* on November 28 (page 885)? In reviewing his book some months ago, I confined myself to architectural and æsthetic matters. Apparently I was mistaken. It would be tempting for me to revise my doubtless old-fashioned notions of both manners and relevance: but I feel that I need a better authority and a happier example to induce me to do so.

The King's School, Chester

CHARLES W. BATY

Social Credit

Major Douglas' indictment of the 'private company' which creates and sustains the whole economic environment of the British Empire would appear more terrible if we all understood as fully as he does the artificiality of the so-called 'laws' which financiers both make and obey. The social environment constituted by the present financial system is in every respect as 'selective' in an evolutionary sense as any natural environment. The trouble is that it is also incomparably more restricted, as may be inferred by comparing the impressive variety and perfection of the forms in Nature with the narrow fertility of human life when, as now, all excellencies and aptitudes which do not 'minister to the sacred flame' of money are denied development, let alone function. Further, instead of the vast range of natural possibility, which is Nature's only limiting condition, the sole sanction of finance is itself. If we are ever freed from this tyranny, we shall look back upon its crimes, as measured in the real terms of human misery and deprivation, as upon a phase of human history alike incomprehensible in respect of the motives which inspired it and the failure of human will which made its evil conquests possible. Twice the B.B.C. has been able to permit a correct diagnosis of the cause of the dangerous turmoil of our society to be broadcast. We must impress upon it the urgent necessity that Major Douglas should be permitted,

and at once, to tell us, if he can, how we are to escape from the vicious complex which threatens the destruction of civilisation as we know it, and inhibits the development of civilisation as we (not the economic innocents) would have it.

Liverpool University

TUDOR JONES

Our Confusing Economists

In the National Programme, December 3, at 7.30, Professor Robbins said categorically: 'There is no question of absolute plenty. It is improbable that production could possibly be increased by 20 per cent.' The context of this statement left no room for doubt that he regarded even that percentage as an extravagant estimate. At 8.10 I switched over to West Regional to hear Lord Melchett (quite as great an authority as Robbins and a man of wide experience also) say at the Round Table dinner at Cardiff: 'It would be *easily* possible to double production'. Not content with this statement he repeated it three times in five minutes! His context left us in no doubt that 'doubling' production was not by any means the limit of our present capabilities. Well, well! What are we mere students of economics to believe?

Kingsbury

CHARLES L. WHITE

'Spanish Raggle-Taggle'

If there is anything more tiresome than the writer who cavils at his critics it is the reviewer who insists on having the last word. But I feel I must answer Professor Starkie's 'mild protest' in *THE LISTENER* of November 28 against my review of his book *Raggle-Taggle*. I have no need to 'shed my superiority and put on a tattered old suit' (should it not rather have been the 'helmet of Mambrino?') to see Castile. I have tramped Spain in old clothes at least as much as Professor Starkie and probably more, but with two differences. I did not choose to invade what in Spain is generally regarded as the privilege of the blind and earn my bed and board with music. Nor did my wanderings bring me adventures of the type which they seem to have brought Professor Starkie. From this I drew my own conclusions. Probably, however, Professor Starkie goes to the kernel of the matter when he suggests that I might have seen windmills where he only saw giants. It is, I think, generally recognised that there are windmills in Castile, but the presence of giants has yet to be authoritatively substantiated.

YOUR REVIEWER

Care of the Mentally Unfit

Many years ago at a Poor Law Conference where the dealing with inebriates was discussed, some one suggested that the Government should provide homes for them. 'Oh, no', said a member, 'there would be no guarantee of that religious enthusiasm which alone makes such places a success'. In your columns the treatment of the mentally afflicted is being discussed. May I say that the solution of their treatment lies along the road of religious enthusiasm for the task, with the co-operation of medical men and nurses in sympathy with such enthusiasm? I have been told the Salvation Army once offered to take over one of our asylums but was refused. In France there is an order of monks who care for men mentally afflicted, and the present treatment of such persons in England, compared with the horrors of the past, is due to a member of the Society of Friends. Can we not go further and by a union of the Churches arrange for the care of the mentally afflicted by men and women who will dedicate their lives to the work as others have done for the lepers?

Crowborough

GEORGIANA CASTLE STEWART

In south-west Durham, the percentage of unemployment is greater than in almost any town or borough in the country. Hundreds of men in Bishop Auckland have been without work for years, and while no family is in actual want of the bare necessities of life, the principal difficulty, where the breadwinner has been unemployed over a long period, is in replacing clothing, blankets, boots and shoes. We have received a letter from the local branch of the Personal Service League, appealing for any such articles which readers can spare: every single article of clothing is needed, and a special request is made for the 'not-quite-finished-with' garments which will provide more wear for the recipient. Parcels—or donations in money—should be sent to the Local Secretary, Personal Service League, The Edgar Hall, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham. Contributions will be individually acknowledged, and will be distributed personally by the voluntary workers of the local branch of the League.

American Points of View

(Continued from page 968)

by the leaders of labour and industry, by eminent lawyers and economists in the United States, so that a comprehensive programme may be presented to President Roosevelt, and legislation drafted for action at the coming session of Congress. Unemployment insurance, although you have long been accustomed to it, is a matter with which we are still experimenting. We recognise that it is not a cure-all, but we do realise that although it will not put men back to work, and it does not eliminate the necessity for relief, nevertheless it will be a certain underlying guarantee of income in periods when employment falls off. Obviously we need more than unemployment insurance to meet our whole problem. We need works programmes, and well conceived plans for economic rehabilitation. We need to revive the construction and other durable goods industries, the building trades, and to stimulate and make attractive increased production by private industry. All this we recognise, but we also need unemployment insurance as an underlying guarantee against the worst hazards of unemployment in the future. While it is not a panacea for all our ills, it is a measure of great value to the greatest single worker in our American population—the steady industrial worker.

In our concern for the 20 per cent. of our industrial workers who are today unemployed—and we have great concern for this 20 per cent.—we cannot and must not forget the 80 per cent. who are now working, but who are nevertheless haunted by the hazard of possible future unemployment. We cannot make progress by bringing down that 80 per cent to the level of the present 20 per cent. We must raise the 20 per cent. who are unemployed from their status of dependency, and at the same time take measures that will protect the 80 per cent. who are now employed from falling into that same situation.

European Experience Adapted to America's Needs

Unemployment insurance is not new, as you all know. It has behind it a European experience which on the whole has been successful. An unemployment insurance, once started in any country, has not been abandoned or suspended. Despite all the talk of the insolvency of European unemployment insurance funds, all these systems are today paying benefits; and not only that, but the Government assistance which has been rendered by various Governments in Europe to these funds, has cost far less than have the direct payments for relief made in this country. And so we are coming to the system of unemployment insurance, not only because it is more humane and more secure, but because in the long run it costs the people less.

We cannot build solely in this country upon European experience. We have certain very peculiar situations and conditions in this country, and the conditions in the United States are so different that we feel we must develop American methods and American techniques of handling our problem. We have to recognise what many Europeans forget—that we have a governmental structure here which consists of forty-eight States loosely federated together into a Federal Government, and that our States are sovereign and exercise the police powers, and that the Federal Government has only such powers as the sovereign States have delegated to it. We therefore have to proceed to build on this basis—on the basis of our present governmental structure, and with due regard to the great diversity of climatic conditions and of industrial maturity and development in different parts of the country. There are wide areas in this country which know practically no industry, and there are other areas in which industry is concentrated, and which have very little other employment or way of life. And for that reason we must take all these things into consideration in building up our plan of unemployment insurance. If unemployment insurance had been inaugurated in the United States in the years before the crash of 1929, it would have put a bottom to the fall of depression and unemployment, we believe. While we have only estimates to show what would have happened under such a system of reserves, these estimates are by competent actuaries, and cover not the whole country, but reasonably small and significant areas.

An interesting study has been made in the State of Ohio, for instance. That is a State which is partly industrial and partly agricultural, but in which industry is concentrated and consists for the most part of large-scale mass production, durable goods

industries. This study revealed that, if that State had begun setting up unemployment insurance funds in 1923 on the basis of three per cent. of the pay-rolls, with benefit payments lasting only sixteen weeks, and amounting to fifty per cent. of normal wages, that fund would have remained solvent throughout the first two years of the depression, and made it unnecessary to make any appropriations for relief. Moreover, there would have been a balance of eleven million dollars at the end of 1931, and the fund would not have been forced to borrow until the end of 1932. Then again, in the State of Minnesota, which is a very different type of State—one of our Northern States, with only a small amount of industry, and that concentrated around two cities; these studies made in Minnesota were made on the basis of a plan calling for a fund made up by a four per cent. contribution, half from employers and half from workers, with benefits amounting to forty per cent. of normal wages, benefits to begin after eight weeks of waiting period, but to be paid for forty weeks. This plan was therefore a plan for taking care of a longer period of unemployment. If the plan had been started in 1926, with benefits beginning in 1927, the fund would have reached more than forty-six million in 1930, and at the end of 1932 would still have been fully solvent.

The Problem of the Elderly Person

Unemployment is by no means the only hazard which confronts the wage-earners in America. We have about twenty million industrial wage-earners in the United States of America. In prosperous periods, around twenty-five thousand of these workers are annually killed accidentally in industrial accidents; a hundred and fifty thousand suffer permanent injuries and nearly three million have some temporary disability. Non-industrial accidents cause three times as many deaths, and far more minor injuries. Approximately two per cent. of the population in this country are estimated to be sick at any given time, with an average loss of seven working days from this cause; and the really serious aspect is that some people are sick for very long periods. Many people, quite early in life, for one cause or another, become totally and permanently incapacitated. Then there is for everyone the prospect of old age, which for the majority means a cessation of income. With the fact of lengthening life, the number of old people is constantly increasing. In this country we have had a very large increase in the proportion of persons over sixty-five to the total number of persons in the population, and there are many industries in America where the maximum age-limit for entrance into the industry is constantly getting closer and closer to forty-five. Therefore the problem of being an elderly person, without means and without savings, in the United States is a serious one. In the United States at this moment there are six-and-a-half million men and women who are over sixty-five years of age, and about one-third of these are at this present time financially dependent, either upon the State, or the town, or the Federal Government, or upon their relatives and friends. We would not classify anything like so large a percentage as one-third as dependent in ordinary times, and if the sons and daughters of these people, who are out of work, ever get work, they will themselves automatically go back into the non-dependent classes. Particularly in rural districts the aged constitute a very large percentage of all of our people who are on relief. A very much larger percentage, however, are children. Forty per cent. of the total numbers of our people on relief are children under sixteen years of age. These are, of course, children who are in families—many of them families without a breadwinner, and others in families where the breadwinner is unable to find work at the present time.

The frightful costs of insecurity are very apparent to us at this time, when about sixteen million people, old, young, middle-aged, are dependent upon the public for maintenance. These sixteen million people live in five million family groups, and there are in addition to that about three-quarters of a million people, single people, who are not living in family groups. In addition there are, of course, many others who have not gone on relief. About three billion dollars was expended by the Federal, State and local governments for relief and emergency work projects, and this is only a part, of course, of the net social cost. Manifestly we in America have come to a sensible point of view, where we have determined that we must develop something

better than the provisions which we have made thus far for caring for the victims of the hazards and the vicissitudes of life. Our best hope lies in the application of the principles of insurance, and we are all glad to acknowledge the experience and the inspiration which we have had from the study of the British system of social insurance. The President in his message of last June stated that social insurance is *not* an untried experience. Lessons are available from many civilised nations in the world. Americans will not lose sight of the important fact that the primary objective of everything we are now doing is to be recovery and the development of a more stable economic order. Social insurance, if properly designed, is, we believe, in har-

mony with this objective. It can, and will be, made to promote and not retard recovery. Here in the United States we hope to make continued gains, not only toward increased profits for industry, shorter hours for workers, fair living wages, better living conditions, friendly and honourable relationships between employer and employee, but to provide a real measure of economic security for coming generations of Americans.

(The above is a report taken from a Blattnerphone record of Miss Perkins' transatlantic broadcast. At the time of going to press, we have not received a confirmatory script from America, and cannot therefore guarantee the literal accuracy of everything in our report.)

Short Story

The Hedge

By H. E. BATES

THE man cutting the hedge between the roadside and the field of winter wheat was quite young and slight. But he was wearing gloves: large hedger's gloves, having deep gauntlets scarred and ripped by thorns of bramble and haw, and for some reason they gave him an appearance of greater age and muscularity. The hedge, old and wild, branched high up with great trunks of ash and hawthorn dwarfed and thickened and misshapen by long confinement with each other. And the young man was laying it: half-splitting the boughs at the foot and bending them prostrate and staking them into a new order. He worked slowly, but with concentration, fiercely, and almost at times with anger. In the mild February air the sweat broke out on his fair skin abundantly, renewing itself as soon as he had wiped it away. He would take off his right glove repeatedly in order to wipe his face with his hand; and once he dropped it and it lay on the ground like a flat dry pancake of cow-dung. He picked it up, swore, and flapped it across his knee with exclamations of anger that were really against himself.

Then, at intervals, he stood still and looked down the road. It was almost noon, the sun was quite high, and the road, seen across the new prostrate hedge and in the quiet sunshine, would surprise him. It gave him a fresh sense of space; it was part of a new world, vanishing to a new horizon.

And he seemed to be angry even with that. He stared always as though expecting to see someone, but the road remained empty. And he would vent his anger at that emptiness on the hedge, slashing the hawthorn trunks almost clean through, hooking out the brambles viciously with the point of the bill, his quick sweat filling the wrinkles that ran across his forehead like ploughed furrows.

Then, at last, as he paused to wipe off the sweat and look down the road again, he saw someone coming. It was a young woman. He had no sooner sighted her than he was slashing the hedge again, with great deliberate blows of concentration, in an energetic pantomime of indifference.

In another moment or two the girl was quite near. He behaved as though he did not see her, as though he did not want to see her. But every now and then, furtively, with a kind of cross-glance, he would watch her. And each time she was walking as though he did not exist, looking at the wide winter fields of bare earth and corn stretching away in the sunshine.

Then he was angry again at her display of indifference. And automatically he increased his own. So that as she came nearer he kept up a pretence that she was going farther away; and she in turn walked as though she wanted to make the pretence a reality.

But suddenly he was aware of her standing there, close to him, in the grass, beyond the barricade of bushes he had thrown down. She was younger even than he was; and her gloves of thin creamy cotton, in contrast to his own, made her look even younger. She was very dark, her black hair only half-covered by her red woollen hat, and her lips were very small and tight, so that she seemed to be for ever biting them.

He looked up quickly, saw the basket she was carrying, and then looked away again. For a moment he did not know what to do with this pose of preoccupied indifference. He felt a fool. And then suddenly he dropped it. He muttered to her:

'Thought it looked like you'.

She did not speak. She was staring at the bushes. They formed a barricade so that she could not pass.

'I'll move 'em', he said.

'You needn't bother yourself'.

She was already walking along the grass again, towards the gate into the field. He threw down the bill-hook, furious. Then he picked it up again and stood helpless against his sudden anger. He heard the gate click, and then the girl's feet in the dry hedge-grass. Slowly he took off his gloves, his anger evaporating, the sense of foolish embarrassment coming back again.

Then, for the first time, as the girl halted and set the basket on the ground, he looked full at her, but sullenly.

'What's the matter?' he said.

'Nothing'.

The word was like a bubble: very light and airy and careless. He broke it abruptly, almost savagely:

'I wonder you come at all'.

'I wonder'.

The sudden retaliation, quicker even than his own, silenced him. He picked up the basket, lifted the napkin, looked in, and then stared at the girl again.

'Had youn?'.

'No'.

'Better stop'.

'I don't want nothing'.

As he sat down, under the hedge that was still uncut, with the basket on his knees, she was looking across the wheat-field as though fascinated by some object afar off.

'Stand up there like somebody half-sharp', he muttered.

'I can go!' she flashed.

He seemed not to hear.

'You don't want me!' she said.

'Who said so? Who said so?'

'Well—'

'I never said so. When did I say so? When did I say it?'

He waited for an answer; and when she said nothing it was almost a triumph for him; as though his words were irrefutable.

'You don't want *me*', he said. 'That's what it is. That's the drift on it'.

Once again she said nothing. But now her face had lost its look of mock preoccupation, and was in pain, filled with thoughts and miseries too complex for her to express. When she did not answer again he took out the knife from the basket, and then the food: the bread and cheese and onion and meat.

He sat for a moment waiting, as though for her. Then he began to eat, sullenly, staring at the food, not really tasting it. He tried to think of something to say. Then while he was still thinking she came and sat down. And they sat for a moment or two in silence, waiting for each other to speak, but as though at peace with one another, in the warm half-spring, half-winter sunshine under the shelter of the great hedge.

'Better have a mite o' summat', he said.

'I don't want nothing'.

'All right. Be different'.

The silent antagonism renewed itself. He ate heavily. Looking up, he saw her staring at the earth, lost in reflection. And unable to tell what she was thinking, he was troubled. She looked as though she wanted to let it pass, to forget it.

He wanted to thrash it out, get to the bottom of it, find the reason of it all. And he challenged her:

'We always going on like this?'

She seemed indifferent:

'I don't know'.

'Don't you want me?'

'Why do you think I married you?'

'Ah, start that again. I thought we had all that out last night'.

They were silent again, waiting for each other to speak. He started to peel the onion, the dry sun-brown outer skin crackling like scorched paper. Then she spoke, quite quietly:

'You want too much', she said.

'Who does? Who does?' He was consumed with a fresh flame of anger. 'Prove it, prove it'.

'I don't want to prove it. It don't need to be proved. You're jealous as well'.

'That's it, you see, that's it. You say things and can't prove 'em. Jealous. My God!'

'You know you want too much. Look at last night'.

'What about last night?'

'Just because you couldn't have—'

'A trifle. That's all. A bloody trifle'.

'It hurt me'.

That silenced him; but he kept up the pose of arrogance, his mouth stubborn, as he peeled and sliced the onion.

'You know', she said, 'we shall never get on. Not like that. Not if you don't give way, sometimes. We've only been married five minutes. We shall be everlastingly at loggerheads'.

He kept his eyes lowered; they were beginning to smart, sharply, with the juice from the onion. And he did not speak.

'You lose your temper over nothing. Don't you? You said it yourself'.

He was still sullen and silent, and would not look up at her. And now the pain in his eyes was blinding, as though he were weeping tears of vinegar. He was too proud to wipe them, and the smarting water ran down his cheeks.

Then she saw what was the matter with him. And suddenly she laughed. She could not help it. In an instant he swung out his hand blindly, to hit her. She lurched and his hand struck her shoulder, and then he could see nothing for the pain in his eyes, the tears running down his cheeks like a child's. Then as he sat there trying to press the smartness from his eyes with his knuckled hands he became aware that she was crying. They were real tears, bitter and half-repressed, and she let them fall into her cotton gloves. Hearing her cry, he wanted to do something, but could not. And they sat there together for five minutes, he weeping with the stinging false onion tears and she in reality, until at last he spoke:

'Shall we chuck it? Afore it's too late?'

'What? How do you mean?'

'Finish. You go and live with your mother'.

He did not mean it. He felt cold and numb. And it was a relief to speak.

'All right', she said.

He was staggered. Did she mean it? His heart gave a great upward pound of fear.

'All right', he said. And then he saw the fresh opportunity for bitterness. 'I thought that'd suit you. Damned if I didn't'.

'Is that what you think of me?' she said.

He was sullen and silent, not wanting to commit himself. But she insisted:

'Is it? Is it?'

'You know what I think of you', he said.

'What do you think? What do you?' The words flowed out quickly, with her tears, and bitterly. 'Tell me what you think. Tell me'.

He sat for a moment in a state of wretched embarrassment, staring heavily, sick of himself and the argument and even the sight of the field stretching out before him, until suddenly she was overcome by extreme tenderness for him.

'You do love me?' she said, 'don't you? don't you?'

'You know I do', he said. 'You know that'.

He stretched out his hand and embraced her and they sat in a silence of retribution; at peace with one another, not thinking, only staring at the bright green wheat and feeling the sun tenderly warm on their hands.

Until at last he knew it must be time to start again.

'I s'll ha' to get on', he said. 'No use'.

'All right. I'll get back'.

'You needn't. Walk round the field and see for a primrose or two'.

'No. I'll get back'.

'Have it your own way'.

Almost, but not quite, the old antagonism broke out again. But she seemed played out, too weary to accept the challenge again, and the moment passed. He picked up his gloves and she began to pack up the basket, wrapping the half-eaten food in the napkin.

'Don't storm out without your dinner again, will you? It's a long drag up here'.

'All right'.

He drew on his gloves, and the old appearance of age and muscularity returned. He seemed much less volatile in the great scarred gloves, and more sure of himself. And she in turn seemed less troubled by him.

'It's a funny old hedge', she said.

'Ah'.

'Looks as if it could never grow up again, the way you're laying it'.

'Ah, it'll grow up. And be as bad again as ever'.

They stood talking a little longer until, without a definite parting but only 'I'll be going I think now', she went through the field-gate and began to walk along the grass by the roadside. At first the tall uncut hedge cut her off from him, and when she appeared at last he was watching her in a stillness of expectation.

She smiled at him. 'Don't be late', she said.

'All right. So long'.

As she began to walk away he attacked the hedge as though it were the cause of all their differences, a tangible barrier that cut them off from one another. She walked slowly and he could see her stopping now and then, by the hedgerow, to look for a chance primrose. He paused at intervals, waiting for her to turn, but whenever he paused she was engrossed in walking or searching for the flowers, and finally he could see her no longer.

And even then he would cease his attack on the hedge and still look after her, unsure about it all, lost in a conflict of doubt and tenderness and some curious inexpressible pain.

Good-bye to the Island

Good-bye to the island
And the view across the straits:
Work that gained us pleasure
Will now be done by others.

Good-bye to the pleasure
And the island girls;
Who taught us as they fancied
And found us willing learners.

Good-bye to the fancies
Of two wandering boys,
The picnics on the mountain
Where the grass was gilt and brittle.

Good-bye to the ruins,
The tramway to the port,
The dusty moonlit suburbs,
The private rooms we rented.

A life of wine and marble
And voices in the mist
Will trouble us no longer,
The gulls are all returning.

The past was like a sculptor
Determining our will,
We grapple with the future
And shape our new intentions,

So now to the last harbour
And our easygoing ways,
To white grapes in a basket
And the island nights, good-bye.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Books and Authors

Documents of the Twentieth Century

A Time to Keep. By Halliday Sutherland. Bles. 10s. 6d.

Nomad. By C. J. McGuinness. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

I'll Go No More A'Roving. By Charles Ladds. Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d.

Destination Unknown. By Fred Walker. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Round the Corner. By Percy Brown. Faber. 8s. 6d.

I Was a Tramp. By John Brown. Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d.

I, James Whittaker. By James Whittaker. Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

MY last address was very unjust to the twentieth century—I daresay the century will survive it: if centuries are sensitive. I took some of its finest thinkers and showed their finest work ending in a sort of futility. And this was very malignant of me, because it was approaching the age on its weakest side. It is as cruel and unfair to ask the twentieth century to use the human reason, to come to conclusions, or even to state its own axioms, as to ask the twelfth century for wireless or cinemas. The twelfth century could reason, and if anything it reasoned too much; the twentieth century can only invent, and if anything it has invented too much. But it was unreasonable of me to expect it to be reasonable. As I pointed out, its typical thinkers do not believe in reason, even their own reason.

But there are other books which represent better what is best in the period; and none better than autobiographies, of which I have a stack in front of me. Perhaps this is partly because in so sceptical a time, a man talking about himself is talking about the only thing he really does believe in. But this is unjust to the books as a whole. It is rather because the talent of the time is for description rather than demonstration. Another refreshing quality in all these autobiographers is a certain air of being amateurs. It is hard to define it: it does not mean writing badly; it sometimes means writing very well; perhaps it only means not writing about writing. The other books were bookish; philosophers criticising philosophies; but some of these men might never have opened a book and still have been able to write one.

Dr. Halliday Sutherland is a born writer, especially a born story-teller. Dr. Sutherland, who is distinguished in medicine, is an amateur in the sense that he only writes when he has nothing better to do. But when he does, it could hardly be done better.

I shall take next a very amusing book by C. J. McGuinness, called *Nomad*; correctly described as 'Memoirs of an Irish sailor; soldier, pearl-fisher, pirate, gun-runner, rum-runner, rebel and Arctic explorer'. I take the Irishman just after the Scotchman; because the Scotch temper is much misunderstood and is nearer to the Irish than some suppose. Scots are sometimes prudent about money, retaining the remains of peasant independence; but they are not particularly prudent about getting into scrapes, not to mention scrapes. Dr. Sutherland is a respectable medical man and has never been called to the arduous duties of a pirate or a rum-runner. But there is a strain of romantic recklessness, as in the tale of cutting loose from a corpse or of dallying with a homicidal maniac. The old Irish adventurer, the Wild Goose, developed it more widely because he was politically homeless as well as temperamentally restless. *Nomad* is a rattling good adventure story; candid, combative and, touching Ireland, of course, what some would call partisan and I should call patriotic.

For those who retain the simple faith that the English should be patriotic for the good of England, and everybody else should be unpatriotic, also for the good of England, I can recommend another book, *I'll Go No More A'Roving*, by Charles Ladds, which is also full of fun and quite free from politics; and as jolly as the seaman's shanty from which it takes its name. Two other books of this type, so good that I wish I had time to discuss them, are *Destination Unknown*, by Fred Walker, and *Round the Corner*, by Percy Brown. They all illustrate the main point: that our age is better at doing things than at deciding what ought to be done. But we cannot go on indefinitely being inventors and adventurers ready to do anything, and also sceptics who think there is nothing to be done. And the best

even of these books of action are by men who do believe something, even if it does not appear in all their actions. But there is another and grimmer group of autobiographies which require rather separate treatment.

There is something to be said for broadcasting. While you are still staggering under this statement, I will add a further paradox: that there is something to be said for books. Both are ways of saying that there is something to be said against newspapers; something they cannot do, or certainly do not do. We all talk about the popular press; sometimes, in moments of pardonable fury, about the vulgar press. Now it is very vital for everybody to realise that the popular press is not popular; in the sense of belonging to the populace. Really poor men cannot afford a daily paper. The papers are mostly written by the middle-class for the middle-class; when they are vulgar, it is a middle-class vulgarity; when they have some culture, it is a middle-class culture. To the huge mass of our people their whole attitude is utterly unknown; or is utterly despised when it is known. It is sometimes sincerely in favour of Labour reforms, because many intelligent middle-class men are so; but it has hardly ever, for instance, been in favour of strikes, but most of these others were. I hasten to add that I am entirely middle-class myself; though I do not accept this social simplification. But underneath all we read in the press, there is a vast buried inarticulate England; and it is deeply and dangerously discontented. It is not Communist; for it does not care about 'isms'; except the only valuable sort of 'isms', which are truisms. Unfortunately, its truisms are quite unknown truths to most newspaper readers. Its attitude to the papers, to the police, to a thousand things is quite unknown; I should guess the most popular institution left is the Monarchy. Now all this has begun to find vent; but only in books. The editor wants all his space for what his public wants; but the publisher will sometimes try a novelty. Hence I am very glad these people are writing books; and very glad I can broadcast about books.

One of the best is *I Was a Tramp*, by John Brown, for though the author has already found some journalistic expression, his point could hardly be rammed home except in this complete and rather dreadful autobiography. I do not myself agree with his social solution; but his details about the problem are most vivid and valuable. He is especially vivid about the chief problem of modern work—worry; for worry can be worse than slavery. It is a question between dependence with security and dependence with insecurity. A similar book with a darker tinge of desperation, is *I, James Whittaker*, for the writer is in more indiscriminate revolt against more irrelevant things; but I should be the last to blame a man who has been through so much for being in revolt against anything. There have been many books of this kind; and there will be more. They are not as yet a true voice of the true populace, but of a few who had the luck to learn to talk in our language. Mr. Brown had the huge luck to hear of the heroes of Plutarch at the beginning of his story; Mr. Whittaker had the luck to keep a real love of beauty through all the inferno of ugliness. But it is the beginning of a vital reform; the removal of the block between the middle-class and the populace. These are the valuable documents of the twentieth century. True, they present a problem rather than a solution. But they are better than the books which offer a solution by saying there can be no solution. Architecture is nobler than engineering; but our engineering is more sincere than our architecture. So philosophy is nobler than biography; but biography is better than sophistry. For biography contains the name of life; and sophistry is death; and even sophists are beginning to admit it.

Mr. Dunne's Serial Universe

The Serial Universe. By J. W. Dunne. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by M. H. A. NEWMAN

MR. DUNNE'S NEW BOOK is written in the same beautifully simple and straightforward style as his earlier one, and with the same obvious determination to be as clear as he possibly can, and if anything is wrong to have it out as soon as possible. It was natural that of the two parts of his earlier book, *An Experiment with Time*, the first, giving a description of the author's remarkable glimpses of the future in dreams, should be much more widely read and carefully scrutinised than the second, containing the first draft of the theory designed to account for these experiences. The deliberate avoidance in the present work of emphasis on these dream phenomena, and the stress laid on the clarification which Serialism, in the author's opinion, brings to many parts of 'orthodox' science, seems a plain hint that Mr. Dunne now wants us to stop exclaiming at his phenomena and to come to the theory.

There can be no doubt of the grand scale on which the theory is planned, since it is to be capable not only of illuminating some very dark corners of Relativity and the Quantum Theory, but also of providing a logical proof of human immortality, and of explaining quite naturally a newly-suspected contact with the future. Is it right or wrong? Mr. Dunne's straightforward style demands a plain answer, and mine must be that in spite of the great originality and the insight which are shown in many passages in the book—and especially in the early chapters—the central doctrine of a multi-dimensionality of time appears to be based on a misapprehension about the way in which genuine extra dimensions arise in physics, and is not capable of throwing any new light on the real world.

It is one thing to make this statement dogmatically and another to justify it; and I must confess that I was dismayed at finding myself faced with the choice, either of politely suppressing my doubts, or of trying to criticise Mr. Dunne's arguments intelligibly in the space of a one-page review. There is, however, another fair line for a first assault, which is to point out some conclusion which seems to follow unavoidably from the author's arguments, but which is difficult to accept, and does not square with his own inferences. Now there was one question which worried me more and more as I read Mr. Dunne's book, namely, why does he push his theory only half-way to its logical conclusion? *Why serialise only time? why not space as well?* If this amendment were accepted it would have some disagreeable consequences, but before setting them out I must attempt a sufficient explanation of the first stages of the theory to show that the suggested extension is a sensible one.

The starting point of the theory is the principle that an object that is being experimented on, or 'observed', must be kept well separated from the 'observer', or apparatus which makes the experiment. This is to cover not only the case of Mr. Jones observing the behaviour of atoms, but also Mr. Jones observing his own behaviour while experimenting on atoms. The object observed in this second case is the physical experimenter Jones and his atoms, and is to be distinguished from the deeper 'self' of Jones which is observing it. Now this process may be repeated. We may consider Jones 3, who observes Jones 2 observing Jones 1 observing atoms; and so we are led to the notion of an infinite sequence, or 'regress', of observers, each observing the one before, and each provided with a time-stretch of his own. The need for this multiplicity of times is to be found in the fact that Jones 2 is supposed to contemplate Jones 1's present state against the background of the latter's whole history; *i.e.*, we may imagine Jones 2 looking at a (four-dimensional) slab of space-time (Jones 1's history), and watching a mark (Jones 1's 'now') moving along it. Time for Jones 2 as he watches is not identical with the time of Jones 1, which is already incorporated in the four-dimensional picture; and Jones 2's 'now' is a view of the whole four-dimensional slab with the 'I-now' mark fixed at a certain spot.

Mr. Dunne is not to be held responsible for any obscurities or absurdities in this congested version of his own careful and lucid account; but it is perhaps adequate for the one purpose for which it is intended, namely, to show that there is a great deal of arbitrariness in choosing out only time for 'serial' treatment. If there is a succession of 'nows', each adding its own new time dimension, why not a succession of 'heres', each adding three

new space dimensions? All Mr. Dunne's arguments seem to be just as readily applicable to this case, with only slight alterations; the fact that three new dimensions come in at each stage, instead of only one, complicates the diagrams but makes no essential difference to the argument. On relativistic principles there seems, indeed, no choice in the matter. Both the 'now' and the 'here' sections are artificial abstractions, and as our starting-point we ought to take neither of them, but the union 'here-now'.

Suppose, then, that the extension to space is accepted; what will follow? In the first place, Mr. Dunne's theorem on human immortality, which says that second and higher order observers endure through the whole of the rest of time, will have to be accompanied by the theorem that these observers extend over the whole of space as well—which makes it rather hard to distinguish Smith from Jones. The simple-minded reader will get little comfort from his immortality if he is only immortal in the same sense as he contains the great nebula in Andromeda. Secondly, the extension will certainly ruin the argument in Chapter XIII, explaining a certain minus sign associated with the time coordinate in the Theory of Relativity; for the space coordinates will now require the same treatment, and there will be a great deal too many minus signs about, which is as bad as none at all. This is a serious loss, for the claim to be able to give a natural explanation of this rather mysterious feature of Relativity is one of the most impressive of Mr. Dunne's supports, and he evidently attaches great importance to it. There are a number of other similarly unattractive 'companion' theorems at many points of the theory.

This is the dilemma to which a whole-hearted pursuit of Mr. Dunne's arguments seems to lead, and it confirms the conclusion formed from examining the arguments themselves—that those of them that deal with dimensionality are without substance.

It is fair to say that neither the earliest nor the latest parts of the argument would be seriously affected by the suggested extension to space. The last chapters are devoted to explaining the quantum theory, culminating in the suggestion that the discrete nature of mechanical 'action' is due to 'changes of interpretation' in the observer—shifts from Jones 1 to Jones 2—which break the thread and chop up the action. Mr. Dunne would himself probably agree that this is one of his most imaginative speculations; he might at least have calculated for us how often Mr. Jones would have to change his mind to give the right order of magnitude for h . The earlier chapters, on the other hand (constituting Part I), where Mr. Dunne is relying on his own analysis, and not on his ideas of existing theories, are the most careful and closely reasoned in the book. The difficulty round which they centre—that the observer (or observing apparatus) cannot observe himself—recalls one of which 'orthodox' physics has only just begun to take account, with its Principle of Uncertainty (of which Mr. Dunne has later much to say). One wishes that he could find some way of continuing from the end of Part I by less doubtful means than his multitude of time-axes, which one feels should belong each to a different member of a 'regress' of theories, of different logical types, instead of appearing all together, 'at right angles', in one theory. There can be no doubt that the book is a most remarkable single-handed effort, and it is a pity that so many moments of insight and so many difficult arguments carefully carried through should be wasted because they have got entangled with a single destructive misunderstanding.

The General Editors of *The Week-end Book*, together with Miss Marion Coates, have produced an entertaining *Sea Sequel* (Nonesuch Press, 6s.), which follows the lines of its popular predecessor. That is, it begins with sea poems—the Ballad of Patrick Spens near the beginning, and T. S. Eliot's 'Marina' near the end; continues with a variety of sea-stories—by Masfield, Conrad, Pliny and many others; goes on to narratives of shipwreck and mystery, advice on dress to wear at sea, descriptions of deck-games, etc.; and ends, of course, with sea-songs and space for one's own additions to poetry, prose or music. While the *Sea Sequel* may not have the universal appeal of the original *Week-end Book*, it is an attractive production, and will certainly be popular.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Early Victorian Novelists: Essays in Revaluation

By David Cecil. Constable. 10s. 6d.

THIS BOOK IS BASED on a series of lectures which Lord David Cecil gave at Oxford on the chief Victorian novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell. The author is one of the best critics of the day, subtle, balanced, and well-disposed towards his subjects. He seldom, however, goes beyond being well-disposed. The atmosphere of the book is that of an Arctic summer—bright, not warm. This is by no means a disadvantage, where the Victorian age is concerned, the tendency of most critics nowadays being to champion the Victorian age in strident tones under the mistaken impression that it is being grievously maltreated. A cool and detached view of the Victorians is therefore to be welcomed. The book opens with an excellent summary of the general characteristics of the Victorian novelists, whose creations, the author says, 'are of the family of the Aguecheeks and Dame Quickly; there are no Hamlets among them; no intellectuals, statesmen, or artists. For those deeper issues of human life which are the main interests of such characters do not form any part of the Victorian subject matter'. Dickens exemplifies this truth more completely than any of his contemporaries. 'He realises personality', David Cecil writes of him, 'with unparalleled vividness: but he does not understand the organic principles that underlie that personality'. Thackeray had a deeper and more complete sense of character than Dickens, but he was not strong enough to disentangle it from the emotional pressure of the age. 'He was born in the wrong period', David Cecil writes. 'He is the only important novelist who was. . . . His genius, in fact, and his age, were always pulling him different ways. And he yielded to the age'.

David Cecil does not lose his tranquil assurance when he leaves the urbanised Dickens and Thackeray for the Brontës and the Yorkshire moors. His discrimination between the rubbish and the pearls in Charlotte Brontë's work is particularly good. The moments of solitary emotion, he says, are 'the peaks of Charlotte Brontë's achievement'. He is not quite so sound on Emily Brontë, whom, perhaps because she is so entirely different from himself, he praises with too little qualification. There are faults of construction and verisimilitude in *Wuthering Heights* which exactly reflect Emily Brontë's limitations in character and in emotional range, and which no ingenuity can explain away. The greatest English poet in intensity of inspiration since Wordsworth, her breadth of understanding was restricted. 'Emily Brontë's outlook', Cecil writes, 'is not immoral, but it is pre-moral. It concerns itself not with moral standards, but with those conditioning forces of life on which the naive erection of the human mind that we call moral standards are built up'. The author loses sight here of the distinction between virtue and morality, between the individual's intuition of what is right and society's insistence on what is expedient. This distinction should be present to anyone who thinks or writes about Emily Brontë.

More Pages from My Diary: 1908-1914

By Lord Riddell. Country Life. 10s. 6d.

Lord Riddell has followed up his War and Peace Conference Diaries with a shorter volume, dealing with the years between 1908 and 1914. The book is a political chronicle, following the plans and quarrels of those members of the Asquith Government with whom the author lived in close intimacy, notably Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. That both these statesmen should have played so great a part since was Lord Riddell's good fortune, giving an interest to casual and slight diary entries which hardly any other public men of that day can now evoke. The main curve of the plot, if diaries may have plots, is the gradual estrangement between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, the one being at the Exchequer and the other at the Admiralty continually demanding a strong navy. The climax of 1914 overshadows the whole book, and the gathering anxiety inside the Cabinet, even among its Left Wing and pacific element, is well brought out in the diary form. Lord Riddell was not only close to public men on both sides of the House—there is much about Bonar Law—but he was always near them at their important moments. When allowance is made for the skilful editing which has pruned away less interesting entries, Lord Riddell

was plainly always at hand at a crisis, and welcome. He shared with his politician friends a grand passion for politics—'We talked of Winston. Lloyd George: "Winston is happy. He told me that whatever life has in store for him—even if he becomes Prime Minister—he thinks he could never be happier"'. That is rather the key of the book, and the picture of statesmen at leisure shows a ceaseless preoccupation with party and personal fortunes to the exclusion of other interests. But no doubt the political entries have enjoyed precedence. It is interesting to read of Bonar Law's decision, after becoming the Unionist party leader, not to associate with political opponents, because the public do not understand such friendships—'Personally, on the whole, I think those political friendships have been carried too far and have caused suggestions of insincerity which does not really exist, but it pays to avoid the appearance of evil. I like Lloyd George. He is a nice man, but the most dangerous little man that ever lived'. . . . I told him I had heard there was a serious rift between Asquith and Balfour. . . . I suggested that the quarrel was due to F. E. Smith's having been made a Privy Councillor by Mr. A., against Balfour's wishes'—the party system, in short, with conventions which the Marconi affair, about which there is a good deal in these pages, might strain but not disrupt. The late Mr. C. F. G. Masterman is a frequent figure in the book, and his ignorance, at a time when he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, of the world of finance, caused Lord Riddell to comment, 'Masterman knows very little about City matters. On Friday, when discussing foreign banking with him, I found that he had never heard of the big private banks which transact the foreign bill business'. That ignorance, too, was in the tradition. Like its companion volumes this book is full of entertaining 'after dinner' talks and sayings, and is a work of refreshment as well as a contribution to political history, entertaining and candid and fair.

Berkeley and Malebranche. By the Rev. A. A. Luce Oxford University Press. 10s.

Mr. Herbert Read has described Berkeley's style as perhaps the purest and most serene to be found in English literature. Yet dozens of readers can quote Dr. Johnson's comment on Berkeley for one reader who has opened any of Berkeley's books. Asked how he would refute the Irish Bishop's argument against the existence of matter, Dr. Johnson struck his foot upon the ground saying, 'I refute it thus'. Dr. Johnson himself, it is charitable to suppose, had not read Berkeley's books. Had he done so, he might have realised that the charming philosopher was far from denying that the senses could feel, but even held, against many metaphysicians, that the senses could know. But how did Berkeley come by a doctrine which, although it denied both the 'matter' of the metaphysicians and matter as Dr. Johnson understood it, i.e. reality apart from mind, yet avoided the scepticism and subjectivism which issued in Hume from Locke? Dr. Luce, in an interesting and closely documented book, helps to answer this question by showing that Berkeley's sources were at least as much in the French thinker, Malebranche, as they were in Locke, the English empiricist: Berkeley found hints against the existence of matter both in Locke and in Malebranche; but the system which he constructed after dispensing with matter resembled the Divine Vision (the 'seeing all things in God') of the French thinker, and was altogether remote from that British tradition in philosophy which indeed saved the prejudices of 'common sense' but only at the expense of the intelligibility of the world.

A close and scholarly examination of that marvellous British Museum document the *Commonplace Book* (1806-8), Berkeley's preparatory study for his argument against materialism, undertaken when he was only twenty-one, has confirmed Dr. Luce's view of the influence of Malebranche upon Berkeley. Dr. Luce's study is original in another respect. Leslie Stephen described Berkeley as an Englishman, as did Lord Balfour; but it is clearly shown in this book, on the ground of the evidence of the *Commonplace Book*, that Berkeley regarded himself as an Irish thinker. Just because he lived in Ireland, he took an independent line in regard to the fashionable Locke and the fashionable Newton, and was at the same time debarred by caution (he had to earn a living in Trinity College, Dublin) from paying open tribute to a

foreign monk, like Malebranche, who had attacked the English monarchy. Nevertheless Berkeley when on a visit to Paris called upon Malebranche, and the story goes that the 'ingenious Father', suffering already from inflammation of the lungs, became so involved in metaphysical debate with the Irishman, that he passed away a few days later from an increase in his disorder brought on by over-excitement.

The Science of Work

By Morris S. Viteles. Cape. 15s.

Industrial psychology can degenerate into a means of getting the greatest output in the least possible time out of the worker, thus treating the human being as an appendage to the machine. It is the merit of this book that it corrects this narrow and fatal perspective by introducing historical comparisons and considerations from other fields. The author starts with an outline, necessarily inadequate, of work in other ages; here, as in other sections of the book, he contrasts the age of Handicraft with the Machine Age, and at times is hard put to make the comparison favourable to the latter. Nevertheless, he claims that by careful psychological investigation, not only of the nature of the task, but still more of the individual who is to do it, in other words, by vocational selection, much of the evil inherent in machine work will be eliminated.

The book is a popular version of a previous text-book on Industrial Psychology, and is meant for the general public, especially those engaged in industrial enterprise and management. It is clearly and brightly written, and amusingly illustrated by small sketches and diagrams. Little value is attached to intelligence tests in selection for work; their over-valuation is called by the author 'the great American myth'. He is also rather scornful of most methods of estimating character; he places chief reliance on a variety of performance tests and laboratory experiments designed for the end in view.

To anyone not familiar with the facts of industrialism certain parts of the book will appear startling: for example, the figures relating to accidents and deaths, both in factories and those caused by the toll of the roads; also the horrible monotony of some occupations. The author denies the theory that certain instinctual tendencies of men are frustrated by machine work, and rightly points out that the concept of 'instincts' explains nothing, and is merely a description. Does he, however, and do other psychologists concerned with industry, really face the question as to whether it is a good thing to devise so many methods of relieving monotony, fatigue, and other by-products of factory life as to make men and women more satisfied with this form of life? Apart altogether from instinct, is not man essentially a maker of things upon which he can set the seal of his own making? Should he not find his chief dignity and satisfaction in his work, and not, chiefly at any rate, in his leisure? The answer to this question is perhaps a matter of philosophy, but if we accept the industrial world as inevitable, and are concerned with making it as pleasant and efficient as possible, this book is an excellent introduction to the latest and most effective methods of doing so.

The House of the Titans and Other Poems

By A.E. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Choice or Chance. By Edmund Blunden
Cobden Sanderson. 6s.

In his new collection of poems, A.E. addresses 'one who wanted a philosophy from me', saying:

You tell me of my songs you cannot fit
Their thought together, so contrary the lights.
I cannot help you to the sense of it.
We rise and fall, have many days and nights,
Make songs in both; and when we are in our pit
Gaze back in wonder at our own endless heights.

It is astonishing that such a question should have been put to this venerable poet, for surely his philosophy sticks out of every line he writes. Again and again this neo-Celtic adaptation of pure Platonism is held out to the reader as an exhortation toward triumph over the sloth and weariness of advancing age. The two long poems in this book, as noble and passionate as any A.E. has ever composed, are direct statements of this belief in a vanished Golden Age when the human archetype, in the form of Gaelic gods, demonstrated the perfect thought, feeling, and deed.

These gods, descending to earth, gradually become immersed in grosser preoccupations and desires, until as men they are

what we are, troubled only occasionally by a vague half-memory of a greater life, a royalty of soul, a dignity of flesh, a freedom of mind. In the title-poem, we are shown a Miltonic assembly of these tragic figures, wholly human, yet tortured by that lost perfection. Suddenly a visitor appears—a poet, a philosopher, a shepherd—and summons their king to remembrance. The other long poem is a soliloquy by Shakespeare's Dark Lady after she has betrayed both him and 'W. H.' in order to save them from a guilty love toward each other. She too, in this self-destructive treachery, is seeking to express the love that is beyond all possessiveness, the love which Plato defines in the Symposium. In this book A.E. breaks through his faults of colourfulness, and the reader no longer feels that here is a major poet read at second-hand through a translation.

Mr. Blunden can no longer be accused by adverse critics of being a mere vegetable poet interested solely in carp and cabbages. New elements are obviously flowing into his life, introducing gaiety and a remarkable expression of loving companionship. His former static technique is breaking up into new forms, so that his verse runs more lightly and swiftly. A new influence, graciously and sincerely acknowledged by him in the dedication of this book, has obviously brought the poet gifts that restore him to hope, faith, spiritual and physical calm, and a mastery of those war-memories that at one time threatened to overwhelm him with a mountain of monomania. Here is now a poet in the full summer of his powers, singing to the source of his inspiration:

Now you can hardly prove
There ever was a winter.

A New Highway Towards Christian Reality

By T. Wigley. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

A New Highway Towards Christian Reality is a title which, if we consider its implications, scarcely errs on the side of modesty: inevitably we are reminded of what the Founder said of those who would 'climb up some other way'. This particular thoroughfare is metalled with copious quotations from physical scientists, popular philosophers and modernist theologians—Bishop Barnes has long stretches of his own. Though the intention is to provide smooth and easy going (Bunyan's route is hopelessly out-of-date) we could by no means walk forward confidently on this road, and should proceed with special caution on that part of it constructed by Mr. Wigley alone. He quotes Lord Balfour's cogent warning against the fashionable appeal to experience, and adds: 'It is possible to talk loudly of experience yet never face the facts, even to boast of our rationality, yet never reason home'. Quite so, but our complaint is that Mr. Wigley is guilty of precisely the failure he condemns and that the kind of Christianity he dreams of is fundamentally incompatible with reiterated appeals to reason and evidence. In his chapter on 'Immanence and Incarnation' he makes it clear that for him Jesus is divine only in the sense that He is the fullest manifestation known to us of deity. He writes that 'In His humanity He lived a life of holiness and oneness with God which no other has ever done, and in that life showed that the gulf between human and divine exists only in man's imagination'. But having accepted unhesitatingly the radical conclusions of left-wing criticism which resolve the New Testament into a tissue of legends, what is the evidence for the kind of life that Christ led? Nowhere does Mr. Wigley give a hint that his views on Exegesis are repudiated by scholars not a whit less learned than those he cites in their support.

This volume may provide a safe highway to a new and admirable ethical society, but we do not believe it will conduct travellers to the reality of Christianity as conceived from the beginning in the Catholic Church.

Colonel Wotherspoon and Other Plays

By James Bridie. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bridie's Alphabet. Constable. 5s.

Everybody, presumably, is by now familiar with Mr. Bridie as a playwright: there is therefore no need to talk about this collection of four quite unpretentious domestic comedies, which are skilfully written and will keep you amused. They are not of Mr. Bridie's finest vintage, but they are better than most domestic comedies, and they are provided with a nice little preface which states neatly what many of us have felt about the flummery referred to as 'technique'. But Mr. Bridie as an essayist is something new. His *Alphabet* ('for little Glasgow highbrows', the sub-title tells us) consists of a number of

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'short middles' written for the *Glasgow Herald*. The subjects, from Asterisks to Zoom, passing by way of Barbarians and Youth, only give a faint indication of what the essays are about, for Mr. Bridie has a delightful shamelessness in pursuing where his thoughts lead him. These articles follow, in short, the theory of the essay which we have had rammed down our throats for a long time, namely, that the essay should be a rambling sort of affair about nothing in particular and revealing the writer's personality. It is a dreadful theory, and has resulted in our most admired essayists turning out nothing but dope; there is to be no word to ruffle the readers' complacency: everything must be made to appear all right and the impression given that the reader is the duce of a fine fellow. It is here that Mr. Bridie's essays fail to come up to formula. His personality is there, to be sure, a personality genial enough, so long as you take care to keep clear of Mr. Bridie's elbows. And it is by no means certain that you will feel after reading them that you are such a very fine fellow. In short, these essays are not dope. They all start innocently enough: little harmless butterflies, you think; but now and again you are aware that they have a wasp's sting. Mr. Bridie is a shaker up of complacency, and though he is very airy and conversational, always amusing and sometimes witty, you feel that somewhere at the back of it all there is anger, anger at stupidity, folly, cruelty, laziness, pride, and, under J, Jellybellyism. One example will give the flavour, with its unexpected little piece where Mr. Bridie laughs at himself. It is the end of the essay under L:

Laughter is, like assassination, one of the few remaining weapons of a sane democracy. The enemies of mankind have this in common with human beings, that they dislike being laughed at. Let us keep our laughter dry that we may detonate it at people who exploit misery to the aggrandisement of their own spleens; at snuffy intellectuals who do a little witch-doctoring and prophecy on the side; at wealthy guttersnipes who finance bad plays and bad policies and buy and sell human souls; at Godmongers, at critics, and at the people of Edinburgh; at bullies and vulgarians and loud-voiced snobs; at corrupt governors and at all misusers of power; at those who take a pride in ignorance and insensibility; at all conceivable whom we have cause and right to hate, loathe, and despise.

That, I take it, is the true use of the abominable practice of laughter.

This, at any rate, tells us a good deal about Mr. Bridie's likes and dislikes, and one should add that the little highbrows to (or at?) whom these essays are directed need not live in Glasgow. Nor need the readers be highbrows: but devil take it if one knows nowadays what a highbrow is.

Dante Vivo. By Giovanni Papini

Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.

The well-known works of this foremost modern Italian writer and essayist have accustomed us to such a directness of thought and sharpness of judgment, that it comes somewhat as a surprise to miss either in his *Dante Vivo*. If one may be permitted to make a respectful jest, one would say that this *Dante Vivo* is not *vivo* at all—not alive at all. Even in his *History of Christ* Papini had so forceful and pathetic a style that we feel doubtful whether with *Dante Vivo* Papini merely meant to display his deep knowledge of the subject.

In an introduction the author makes a tirade against those scholars and commentators who have spent many years compiling critical editions of the *Commedia* and heaping up explanatory material, and have treated Dante as nothing more than a text for language study or a subject in comparative philology: teachers of literature, minute investigators, or even enigmatographers, both erudite and fanciful. And yet, this Papini's *Dante* is so replete with erudition that no one could possibly read it who was not thoroughly conversant with, and even deeply versed in, the *Commedia* and all Dante's minor works. The book is divided into four sections: Life, Soul, Work and Destiny; but all of them could be described as interpretations of Dante, competent and even admirable elaboration of old themes, which leave us cold in the same way as those pieces of classic music 'transcribed' by some virtuoso. To quote an instance, the pages devoted to Dante's life are so interspersed with quotations as to make the reading a privilege only for specialists. But there is a redeeming point, and certainly not a mean one: and it is the deep reverence—one would rather say the passion—with which the author has handled the subject. Here and there the irrepressible wit for which we have learnt to like Papini takes the upper hand, and we are given glimpses of very human insight: 'May his august shade pardon me, but I cannot refrain from saying: with less genius there would have been in Dante the making of an intrepid professor; his genius as a poet got the upper hand, but the professor

remained, overpowered but not killed'. With this all who have in their schooldays, sighed heavily over the *Paradiso* will heartily concur. The translation is careful, though somewhat fatiguing at times; and the edition admirable for types and paper. One is rather nonplussed by the cellophane dust-cover: it makes one think of a Dante treated as a box of chocolates.

Origins of the International Labour Organisation

Columbia University Press. 2 vols. \$10.00

In the Preamble to Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles there is this phrase:

Conditions of labour exist involving such injustice, hardship and privation to large numbers of people as to produce unrest so great that the peace and harmony of the world are imperilled.

It is significant that in a Peace Treaty there should be included a Labour Charter, the realisation of which in the minds of its authors is a sure way of securing the peace of the world. How did it come there? The answer is found in these two volumes edited by Dr. Shotwell, who was one of the original members of the organising committee appointed by the Paris Peace Conference to get on with the job of creating the I.L.O.

Often in the history of the world, organisations have been started having great hopes of their founders; progress is made and suddenly circumstances over which they have had no control have apparently destroyed their efforts, but later on they have been resurrected in a new form and become the beginning of a great new movement. This was so in the pre-War history of the International Association for Labour Legislation, so interestingly told by Sir Malcolm Delevingne. Although the activities of the Association were suspended, its ideals were strengthened by the experiences of the Great War in all belligerent countries. Democracy was on trial and won through. Democracy, whilst supporting the national cause, never forgot its ideals, and when peace came it set to work so that the people should not be overlooked in the framework of the Peace Treaty itself. For this purpose was combined the idealism of Labour, enlightened Ministers, and statesmanship of men like George Barnes, Arthur Fontaine, Sir Malcolm Delevingne, and others. And, in mentioning these, one must not overlook Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labour, and Dr. Shotwell himself. One of the most interesting sections of the story is the relation and attitude of the Central Powers towards the I.L.O. The sacrifices of the German workers in support of their national cause compelled consideration of the debt which the State owed to them. Germany, too, had her ideas as to what should be done, but although she did not get her draft proposals accepted by the Allies she put her disappointment aside and took part in the first International Conference held at Washington in 1919. Of this Conference a full account is given. The second volume consists of fully documented records which are invaluable to the student.

It is fitting that this history should come out in the year that the United States of America have decided to come into the I.L.O. If (as seems likely) that other great nation, the Union of Soviet Republics, allies herself too with the work of the I.L.O., who can tell the progress which will be made during the next few years towards realising those conditions of labour by which the peace and harmony of the world will be secured?

The Chinese People. By A. S. Elwell-Sutton

Nicholson and Watson. 4s. 6d.

This volume, which in 250 pages covers the Past, Present, and Future of the Chinese People, is the third of a new series—The University Extension Library, edited by Dr. C. W. Kimmins. Though, of necessity, the outward form of a century's history is often enough handled in a single sentence, yet there is presented very attractively the essentials of the cultural development of China's spacious days—the ethic of harmony and the tragic inability to achieve it in practice. The fateful century of events that constitutes the impact—so long resisted by China—of industrialised and militaristic Europe, and her all too apt imitator Japan, is handled with vigour and discrimination; and though the author recognises the process as that of China losing the captivity of both body and soul, he is yet so much the European Liberal as to feel that on such a basis China may rise again more effective than before. Not all readers will share this optimism, for not all will make the tacit assumption that China will be left alone to work out her own salvation: yet most readers seeking guidance as to the future of the Far East and its returning impact on the West, including America, will find this sympathetic volume a ready and valuable aid.

French Literature of Today

JEAN-LOUIS VAUDOYER, one of the most charming writers of the South, republishes one of his most delightful tales: *Clement Bellin ou les Amours Aixoises*. It is an extravagant love affair, made possible only by war conditions—told with elegance, insight and chastity:

‘Ainsi Clément avait aimé une femme de soixante ans! Cette aventure était incroyable, elle était ridicule, elle était triste. Mais, aussi, n’était-elle pas le résultat, la punition des aberrations sentimentales de mon ami, lequel, en recherchant une femme, ne cherchait que le symbole vivant d’une ville du passé? . . . Je me souvenais de ses paroles: “Je poursuis, dans une femme, l’âme visible d’un paysage privilégié”. Ainsi, dominé par sa manie, n’avait-il pas eu soupçon des soixante années d’âge de Marcella Comtale. Mais moi-même j’avais été dupe de cette extravagante supercherie. J’essayai de m’expliquer ce manque de clairvoyance en remarquant que la guerre nous sépare de la société des femmes, et je me dis qu’en temps de paix, jamais je ne me fusse laissé aveugler ainsi. Néanmoins, il fallait des conditions exceptionnelles, uniques, pour permettre qu’un tel fait se produisît. J’attribuai aussi au décor qui entourait Marcella un pouvoir grisant et maléfique. Ce pavillon, ces oiseaux, ces toilettes, ces bijoux, ce luxe, tant d’apparat m’avait démuné. Je me rappelai une remarque de Stendhal sur la jeunesse que gardent les duchesses, aux yeux des imbéciles. Ce ressouvenir, il est vrai, ne me flatta point’.

Henry de Monfreid is well known already in England. There is an old quarrel between him and the English authorities—in which, on the whole, the English authorities could say a lot for themselves; but the quarrel bids fair to be made up in literature. Breaking the law in the Red Sea and in the Persian Gulf is a reprehensible way of life; but writing wondrous books about it should be considered as a sort of atonement. *La Poursuite du Kaïpan* is a worthy follower to *Les Secrets de la Mer Rouge*, and all who can read French and have any boyhood left in them should rush to it. Here is *Treasure Island* once again, only much more so. Besides, all those who want to know about ‘la sourde haine des Hindous contre leurs maîtres anglais’ should also listen to Henry de Monfreid, who obviously knows what he is talking about.

‘Si cette haine est devenue si profonde, si irréparable, c’est uniquement à cause des abus trop fréquents et de toutes les petites infamies que commettent les fonctionnaires et les agents “natives”’.

Ce sont des gens du peuple d’une mentalité comparable à celle des masses populaires avec lesquelles ils sont en contact. Ce peuple ne peut voir en eux que des égaux ou même des inférieurs, indignes de ce respect aveugle de l’esclave pour le maître, respect grâce auquel leur âme orientale aurait pu subir sans murmurer un tyran de noble race.

La crainte est nécessaire pour mener le peuple, mais elle doit être basée sur le respect.

Le mal dont souffre l’Inde est donc dans la racine, dans cette zone immense où se produit le contact entre l’opprimé et l’opresseur. C’est la plaie à vif sans cesse irritée qui jamais ne se refermera.

Un gouvernement, si tyrannique soit-il, sera toléré tant que le peuple aura l’impression que les agents subalternes ne font rien d’arbitraire par eux-mêmes.

Tout au contraire, quelle que soit la libéralité du souverain, son souci de justice, il sera infailliblement abhorré si ses fonctionnaires, et surtout les petits, donnent l’impression d’être corrompus et s’ils peuvent impunément blesser l’amour propre et les intérêts particuliers.

L’Angleterre perdra les Indes par l’administration indigène qu’elle a cru habile de lui donner, dont le contrôle est illusoire. Les fonctionnaires métropolitains s’en rapportent systématiquement à leurs subordonnés ‘natives’. Ils craindraient de perdre un pouce de leur dignité, ou croiraient déchoir, en s’abaissant jusqu’aux détails.

Les Anglais commettent cette faute par respect de l’étiquette, du décorum ou de la tradition’.

Those who like sophistication (and very many English people do, in spite of the national pretence that they do not: the word ‘highbrow’ is only English, and must correspond to some fact) will love an extraordinary drama on *Godefroid de Bouillon*, by Hermann Closson (Les Cahiers du Sud, Marseille) in which the first crusade and the taking of Jerusalem in 1099 are made into extremely modern and extremely human things. The leader of the Crusade, Godefroid, is a wonderful humbug, who is yet a man of deep sincerity and a great genius and leader of men. And there is a girl, Genevieve, who . . . but it must be read to

be believed. In the end, in the whole army, Godefroid is the only one who remembers what they came to Jerusalem for: Christ.

Stock publish a series of *Livres de Nature* which contain some masterpieces in that zone. *L’ours brun*, by W. N. Kazeeff, is a masterpiece. The bear is a great fellow more civilised than many human beings, and in the long quarrel between him and mankind he is most obviously in the right; and, as he is the cleverest being of the non-human creation, mankind will not win in that fight—not while there are forests in Russia and Siberia. The bear’s practices before he retires for the winter are enough to wreck several systems of philosophy:

‘Un fait certain est que l’ours se purge toujours avant de gagner définitivement sa tanière. Les substances végétales absorbées par lui à cet effet, après avoir rempli leur rôle, en nettoyant absolument son estomac et ses intestins, descendent jusqu’à l’anus et y restent, formant une espèce de bouchon. Celui-ci, selon la taille de l’ours, sera de deux centimètres et demi à quatre de diamètre et de quatre centimètres et demi à huit de longueur. Je regrette de n’avoir jamais analysé ces bouchons pour identifier les substances purgatives dont ils se composent. Je suis certain, cependant, qu’il s’agit généralement de certaines plantes ou racines de plantes propres aux terrains sablonneux. On y trouve des matières végétales de couleur verdâtre très pâle, toujours mélangées de sable. En examinant ces bouchons chaque fois qu’on dépeçait un ours, j’en ai trouvé la composition invariable.’

Bien que l’estomac et les intestins de l’ours soient en hiver absolument vides de toutes matières, ils sont toujours gonflés d’air; une fois ouverts, ces organes ne dégagent jamais aucune odeur’.

Another nature book of great interest to the curious is *L’hiver* by Paul Dupays: a mosaic of passages about winter drawn from innumerable writers, great or small, in very short extracts which cover all moods of the winter weather, and all possible landscapes in France: Paris, Savoy, the Vosges, etc.; and elsewhere: Morocco, the Poles and even London. An extraordinary pot-pourri from which one can fish out the most charming things, *au hasard*: here is Abel Bonnard, quoted on a winter night in Paris:

‘Vers minuit, l’empire de la lune est établi. Elle règne dans une gloire tissée de silence. La ville est presque déserte et cette solitude fait revivre la simplicité de son plan. Les boulevards fuient, les places rayonnent d’avenues: Il n’est pas jusqu’aux grossières effigies de marbre ou de bronze qui ne profitent de l’enchantement général. Ennobli et simplifié, le geste de leur bras levé semble saluer la déesse. Les hommes sont le peuple du soleil, mais les statues sont le peuple de la lune’.

Jean Edmond Weelen’s book on *Rochambeau*, ‘le preneur de Yorktown’, who played a great part in the American War of Independence, should nowadays be welcome to an English public. The English forgave him magnificently in his lifetime, and Robespierre nearly succeeded in having him beheaded. Perhaps the description of revolutionary wars and intrigues is even more interesting than the history of the American campaign. The book is written with humour and precision and there is no ‘romancing’ about it. It is beautifully illustrated and the pictures are important documents. As a tableau of the end of the eighteenth century, it is a splendid piece of work.

Two excellent books of the same category are published (and magnificently produced with illustrations and maps) by the Institut International de Coopération Intellectuelle (Stock): *Bolívar: Choix de lettres, discours et proclamations*; and *Facundo*, by F. Sarmiento. The heroic period of the history of South America is presented to readers of French by these fine translations from the Spanish (V. Aubrun and M. Bataillon). Much greatness of character and of intellect is allowed to go forgotten through mere ignorance; such books are necessary memorials which give us a higher idea of mankind.

Two other translations must be noticed: Romola Nijinsky’s book on *Nijinsky* has been finely translated into French by Pierre Dutray, with a preface by Paul Claudel which is a sufficient reason to get the book. An English edition of *The Letters of Saint Evremond* has been published with an interesting introduction by John Hayward. Saint Evremond is one of the great masters in the second rank of literature; one of those who comfort us when we are bored or depressed by the geniuses of the first rank. Besides, Saint Evremond was by adoption an Englishman, and most of the letters are given here in an eighteenth century translation (Des Maizeaux). A book that the connoisseurs will be grateful for.

DENIS SAURAT